

NO. 33

PEEP



The SHIELD

NOV.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS TALKING ABOUT CAPT. COMMANDO!!

10¢



AN MLJ PUBLICATION

MONTANA



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

BULLETIN No. 12

GEE, but you fellows and girls have been keeping me busy lately! Why, you've been writing me so many letters on so many different subjects that Dusty has humorously suggested that I hire a battalion of secretaries just to answer 'em. And I'll be darned if there isn't something in what he says.

Seriously, though, reading all your letters is one of my pleasantest tasks . . . and it would take a lot more than all the money on earth to sell me the idea of passing the job on to anyone else.

And how do you like that! Here I waste time *talking* about your letters, when I could be answering some of them. That calm weather outside must be slowing me down. To work, Joe, to work.

First, I want to thank a fellow from Brooklyn for his swell letter, which reached me this morning. No, you're wrong, gang: I *don't* mean Brooklyn, New York. This fellow hails from a town named Brooklyn, way out in South Africa, and here's his full name and address:

M. J. Van Zyl
25 Dr. Malan Crescent
Brooklyn,
Cape Town
Union of South Africa

M. J. V. Z. says a few nice things about PEP COMICS, tells me they've no baseball team called the Dodgers out there, and ends with a request for American pen pals. How about obliging him on that last, gang?

Another swell letter comes from *Kenneth Blakely* , of 43-17 Bowne Street, Flushing, Long Island, New York, who suggests that PEP COMICS ought to run contests in each issue. Well, Ken, I've been thinking a lot about your suggestion—but there are all kinds of contests. I'd like to hear specific suggestions from you readers, and perhaps something can be worked out.

And don't forget the contest that **TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS** runs each issue. If you haven't entered as yet, you ought to get yourself a copy and have a look-see. You'd be getting a really funny magazine . . . and you'd be getting a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of our artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

Arthur H. Stowgh
129 W. 16th Street
Erie, Pa.

Jackie Bass
222 Powell Street
Brooklyn, New York

Beatrice Allison
Box 507
Lockport, New York

Robin Winks
337 S. 17th Street
Terre Haute, Indiana

Bud Sandefur
Tillamook Hotel
Tillamook, Oregon

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD

DUSTY

THE
BOY DETECTIVE

WHAT GRIM SECRET LIES HIDDEN WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE ANCIENT HOSTEL - LURING THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ON A NIGHTMARISH ADVENTURE, TO SOLVE THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF...
BLACK SWAN INN?

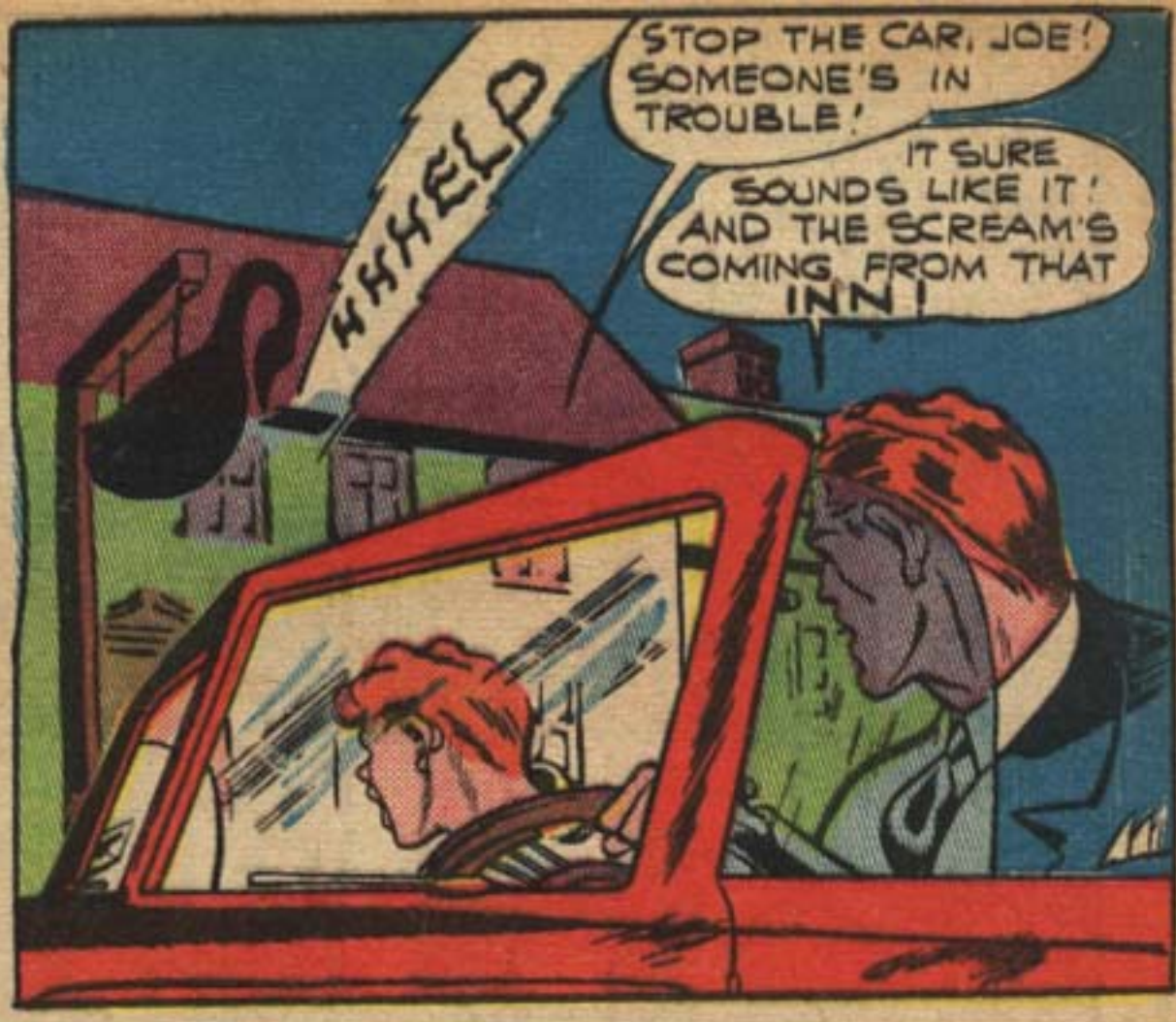
by IRVING NOVICK



RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY PASS AN OLD INN WHEN SUDDENLY...



HEY, JOE, WHAT'S THAT?



IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE IT! AND THE SCREAM'S COMING FROM THAT INN!



IT SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL, JOE, BUT THE SCREAMS 'VE STOPPED NOW!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE ANYWAY!



INSIDE...

HMMM, THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!



WELL, WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING!

GEE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



AND THEN AS THEY PONDER, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ARE STRUCK DOWN BY UNSEEN ASSAILANTS

POW



DRAG DESE SNOOPERS OUDT TO DER CAR! VE VILL TAKE DEM FOR A GOOD OLD FASHIONED RIDE!

MINUTES LATER, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS...



SHUT UP! UND LIE QUIETLY!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

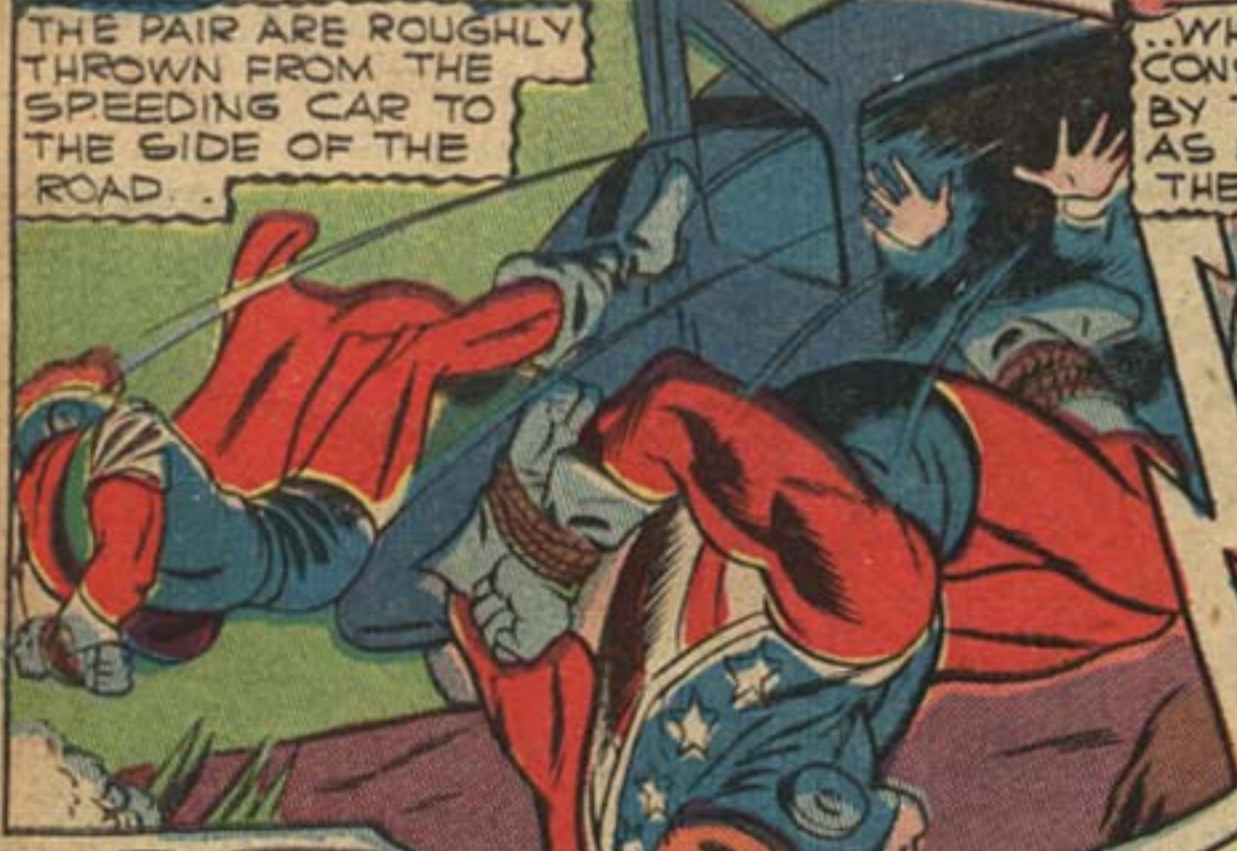
SCHULTZ! I HEAR A SIREN! IT'S THE POLICE! VOT VILL VE DO?

T'ROW DOSE PINKS OUT! VE CAN'T BUMP DEM OFF NOW!



THE PAIR ARE ROUGHLY THROWN FROM THE SPEEDING CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...

...WHERE THEY LIE, UNCONSCIOUS, UNNOTICED BY THE STATE TROOPER AS HE SPEEDS AFTER THE FLEEING AUTO.



WHERE'S THE FIRE, BUD? PULL OVER AND LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!

NO LICENSE, EH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME AND HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE! START ROLLING!



DOING OVER 50 MILES AN HOUR IS BAD ENOUGH IN THESE TIMES! BUT DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENSE THAT'S GOING TO MEAN A STIFF PENALTY!

ALL RIGHT, JUDGE, BUT I DEMAND DER RIGHT TO TALK TO MY LAWYER!

HELLO, HANS? DIS IS SCHULTZ. I CAN'T TALK LOUDLY, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY!..VE VERE FOLLOWED BY DER POLICE UND VE HAD TO LET DER SHIELD, UND DOT ACCURSED BRAT GO! DERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! YOU KNOW VOT TO DO! GET BUSY!



MEANWHILE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY RE COVERED FROM THEIR FALL SEVER THEIR BONDS ON A SHARP ROCK...

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A POUNDIN BASE DRUM!

COULD USE AN ASPIRIN MYSELF!

LUCKY FOR US THAT COP CAME ALONG WHEN HE DID OTHERWISE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CURTAINS... COME ON, LET'S GO BACK TO THAT INN AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE DIRTY RATS THAT BLUGGED US!

A WHILE LATER, ON ARRIVING AT THE INN...

WHAT THE SAM HILL'S GOING ON HERE? A WHILE AGO THIS PLACE WAS DESERTED! NOW IT'S LIGHTED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE!

MAYBE WE'RE AT THE WRONG PLACE! LET'S GO IN AND LOOK AROUND

IT'S THE SAME PLACE ALL RIGHT ONLY THERE'S SOME THING QUEER ABOUT THIS SET UP!

MISTAKEN! NOTHING! THIS PLACE WAS SHUT DOWN AND EMPTY! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! AW, SKIP IT!

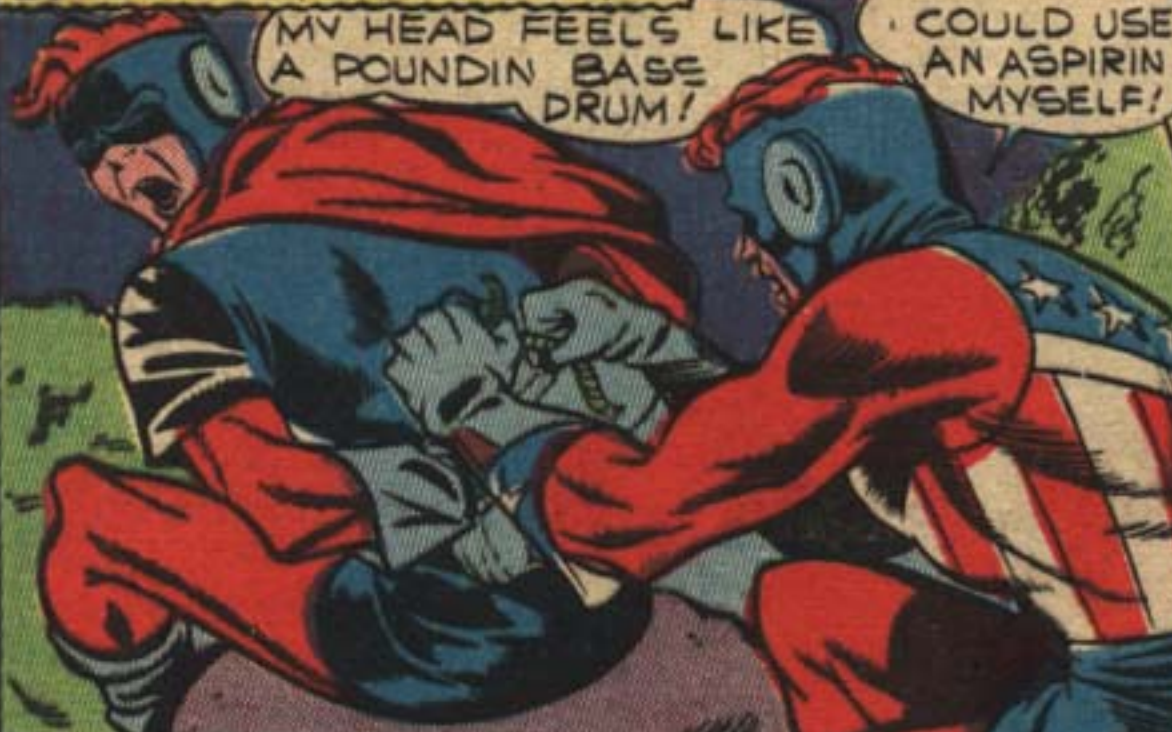
I'M JUST BARKING UP A TREE! COME ON, DUSTY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

YES CHENTLEMEN? VOT CAN VE DO FOR YOU?

LISTEN MAYBE WE WERE SEEING THINGS, BUT THIS PLACE WAS CLOSED UP AND OUT OF BUSINESS A FEW HOURS AGO AND NOW..

CLOSED UP? THE BLACK SWAN INN HASN'T CLOSED ITS DOORS VUNCE SINCE IT OPENED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! SURELY CHENTLEMEN, YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

BUT SHIELD! WE SAW OKAY, I'M COMING!



THEY SURE PULLED A FAST ONE ON US IN THERE, BUT THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I HAVE AN IDEA! LISTEN CAREFULLY!

I HEAR YOU TALKIN'!



I WOULD APPRECIATE IT. THANK YOU SO MUCH! AND NOW COULD YOU KEEP THIS PORTFOLIO FOR ME? IT CONTAINS PLANS FOR A SECRET WEAPON! I WOULD FEEL BETTER IF IT WERE SAFE IN YOUR HANDS FOR TONIGHT!

BUT OF COURSE! BOY! SHOW PROF. DRAKE TO HIS ROOM!



SOME TIME LATER... GOOD EVENING, I'M PROFESSOR DRAKE! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A NIGHT'S LODGING!



SO SORRY, PROFESSOR, BUT WERE ALL FILLED UP!

OH DEAR! AND I DID SO WANT TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST BEFORE GOING ON TO WASHINGTON FOR MY APPOINTMENT WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN THE MORNING!

CHUST A MINUTE, PROFESSOR. I THINK I HAVE VUN ROOM AVAIL-ABLE!



AS SOON AS THE PROFESSOR IS GONE, THE DESK CLERK EXAMINES THE CONTENTS OF THE PORTFOLIO!

ACH! THE PLANS ARE WRITTEN IN CODE... NEFERTHELESS, BERLIN VILL BE INTERESTED IN DEM!



ETHAY UNANIMOUSAY ECLARATIONDAY OF AY ETHAY IRTEENTHAY UNITEDAY ATESSAY OFAY AMERICAY. EN- WHAY INAY ETHAY OUR- ECAY OFAY UMANHAY EVENTSAY ITAY ECOME- SBAY ECESSARYDAY OR FAY ONEAY EOPLEDAY OTAY ISSOLVEAY ET- HAY OLITICALPAY ANDSBAY ICHHWK VAYEHAY O

THE PLANS ARE TRANSMITTED TO BERLIN BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO...

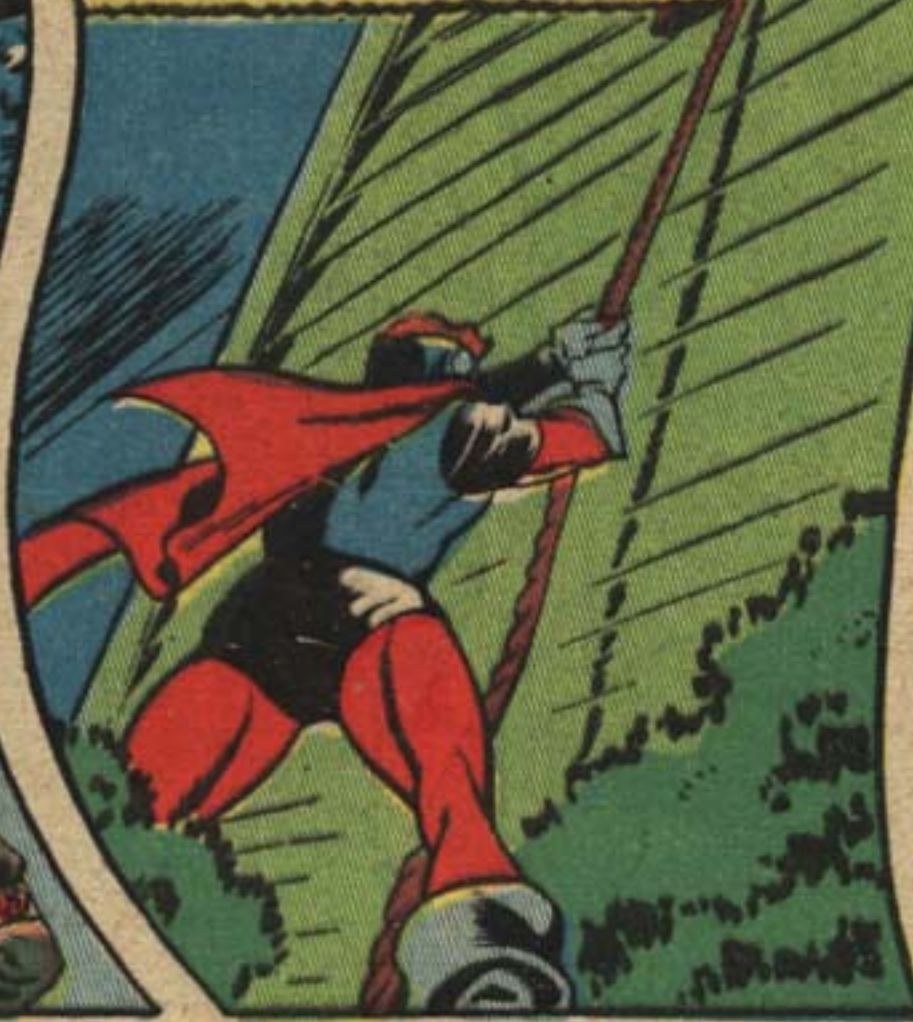


AND FIND THEIR WAY TO DR. GOEBBEL'S OFFICE...

GOOT! GOOT! HAF OUR DECODING EXPERTS YORK ON DIS AT VUNCE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, A ROPE IS DROPPED FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW OF THE INN TO A FIGURE HIDING IN THE SHRUBBERY BELOW



HIYA, PROFESSOR SHIELD? HOW DID THE ACT GO OFF?

FINE! THEY FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



I TAKE IT WE'RE GONNA GO TO WORK NOW, EH, SHIELD? HOW ABOUT GIVING ME FIRST CRACK?

OKAY, DUSTY! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE GUARD POSTED OUTSIDE THE DOOR! NOW YOU HIDE BEHIND THE SHOWER CURTAIN AND WHEN I CALL COME OUT WITH **FISTS FLYING!**

TCH! TCH! COULD YOU HELP ME, SIR? THERE SEEMS TO BE A LEAK UNDER THE SINK IN THE BATHROOM!

ACH! SO NOW I'M A PLUMBER? JA! JA! I HELP!

I DON'T SEE NODDINGS!

DON'T WORRY, YOU WILL! OKAY, DUSTY!



THIS IS FOR YOUR PALS WHO SLUGGED US AND THREW US INTO A DITCH!

NICE WORK, M'BOY! NOW WE'LL GET HIM INTO THE BEDROOM! DRESS HIM IN THIS OUTFIT, AND TRUSS HIM UP IN THE CHAIR NEXT TO THE WINDOW!

DOWN GOES THE SHADE, ON GOES THE LIGHT AND WE'RE ALL SET! COME ON DUSTY, WE'VE WORK TO DO!

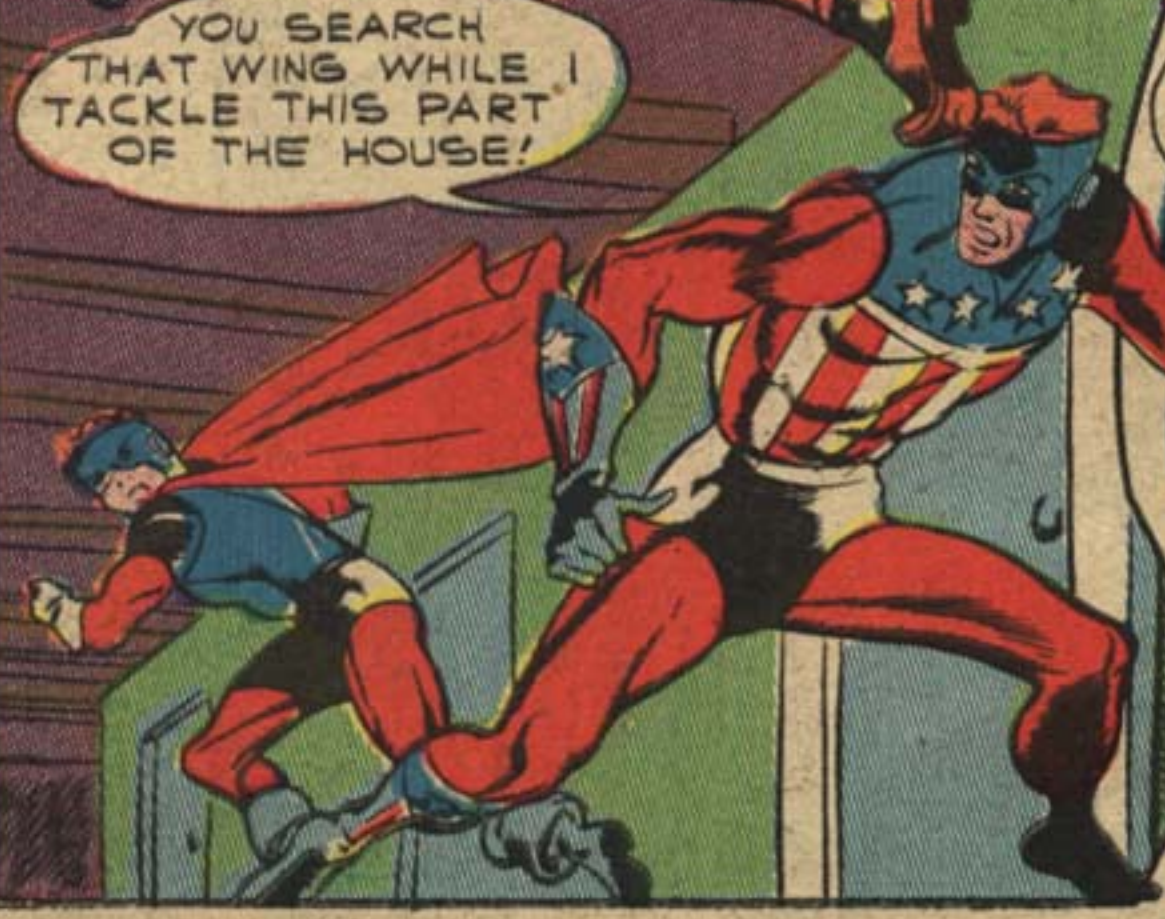


THE RUSE HAS ITS DESIRED EFFECT ON THE GUARDS STATIONED OUTSIDE..

YOU SEARCH THAT WING WHILE I TACKLE THIS PART OF THE HOUSE!

DOT GUY IS A REAL PROFESSOR, ALL RIGHT! ONLY A JERK LIKE DOT WOULD STAY UP ALL NIGHT READING A BOOK!

JA! HE'S HARMLESS!



AND MEANWHILE, IN HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT IN GERMANY, THE FUEHRER IS IN A FUROR...

VAT! YOU HAVEN'T DECIPHERED THE CODE YET? DUMKOPF! IMBECILE!

BUT MINE FUEHRER, VE HAF VUN HUNDRED OF OUR BEST MEN YORKING ON IT.

DEN GET A T'OUSAND MEN! IF I VASN'T SO MODEST I YOULD DO IT MINE-SELF!

JA! WHO KNOWS? BUT FOR DIS VE MIGHT NOW BE IN MOSCOW!

BACK AT THE INN DUSTY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

A LAUNDRY CHUTE! I WONDER WHAT'S DOWN THERE? I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!

JUST LIKE THE SLIDE AT CONEY ISLAND! NOTHING LIKE MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

TWO FRIGHTENED FIGURES WATCH THE BOY DETECTIVE END UP IN A HEAP OF LAUNDRY...

IF YOU'RE A FRIEND, HELP US - FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, LAD, HELP US!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M HERE FOR! TO HELP YOU! BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, THIS IS ALL AS CLEAR AS MUD!

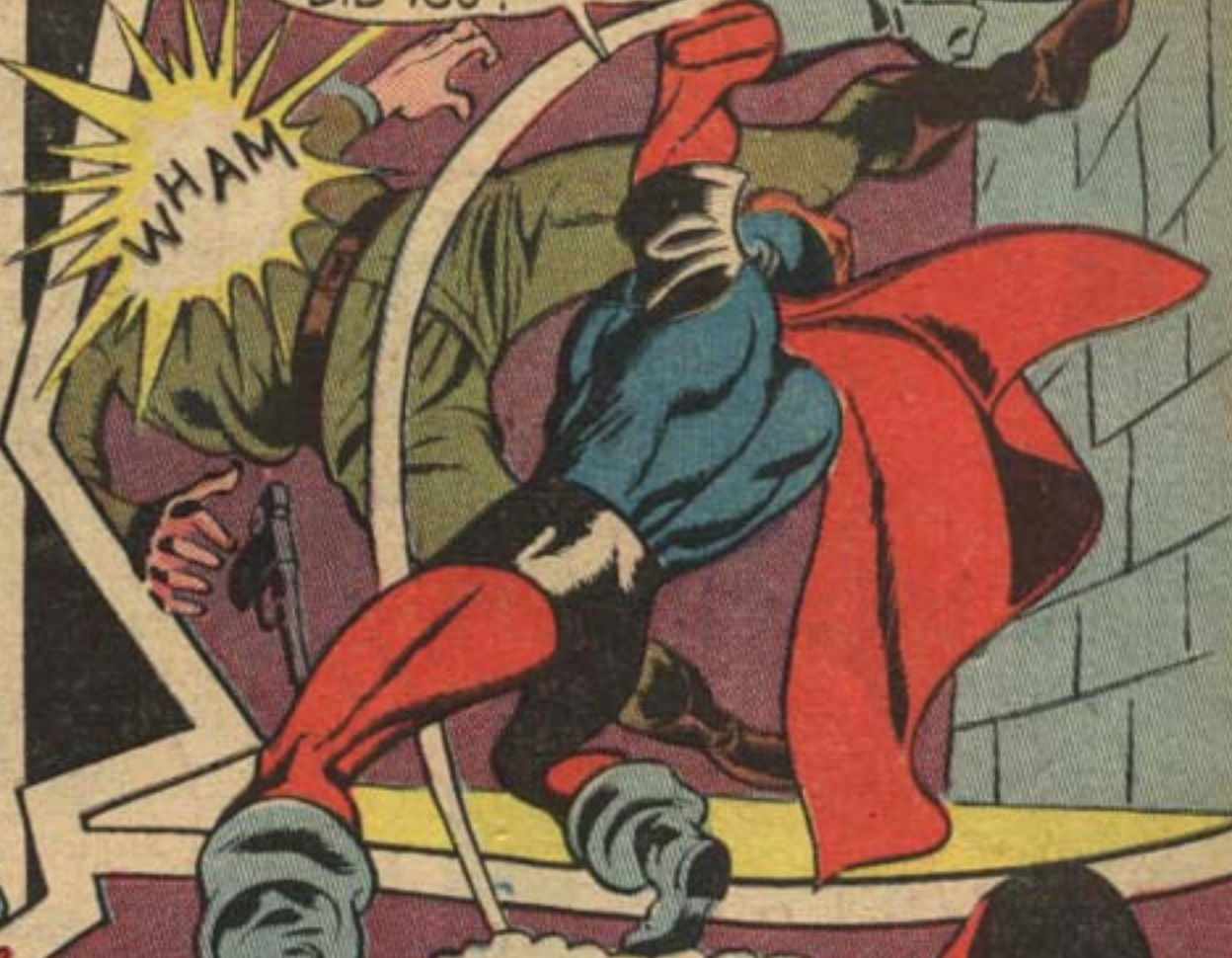


SUDDENLY, A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL OPENS AND...

VELL, VELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR LITTLE FRIEND! HOW NICE!

THE DESK CLERK! I THOUGHT I SMELLED A RATZI WHEN I FIRST MET YOU!

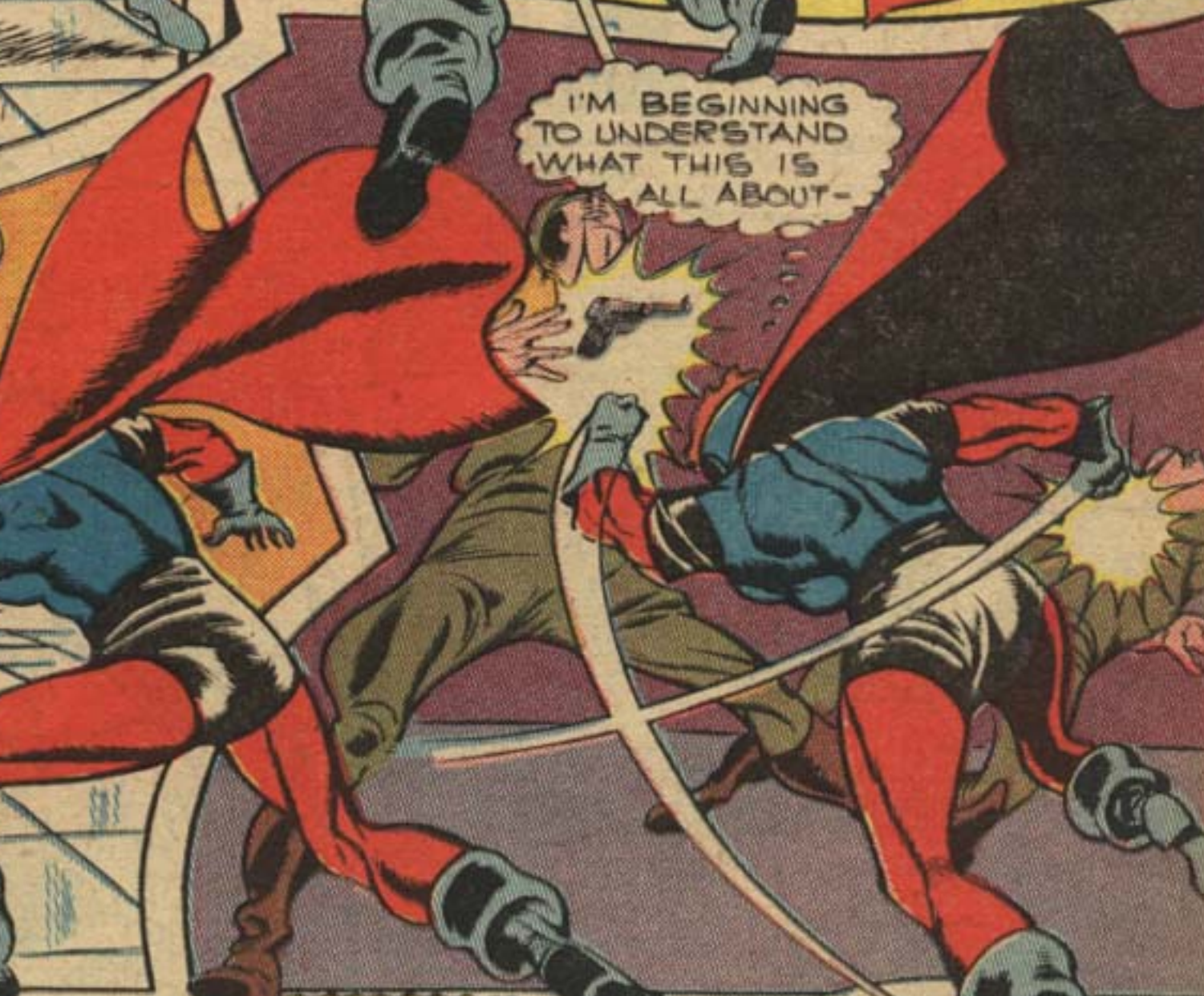
YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO WAIT AND FIND OUT WHAT THAT POP GUN WAS USED FOR, DID YOU?



MORE RATZIS! THE PLACE MUST BE INFESTED WITH THEM!



I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT-



BUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WHICH AREN'T QUITE CLEAR YET!



THE NAZI'S HEAD SMASHES THE TELEPHONE, DISLODGING THE RECEIVER

ACH!



ALTHOUGH FIGHTING FEARLESSLY AND BRAVELY, DUSTY IS SMOTHERED BENEATH THE OVERWHELMING OPPOSITION...



JUST THEN THE SHIELD'S TRAIL LEADS HIM TO THE CLERK'S DESK

THERE'S A BUZZING SOUND COMING FROM THE SWITCH-BOARD!

WHAT'S BUZZIN', COUSIN? THE LAUNDRY, EH? OKAY, I'LL DO A BIT OF LISTENING IN!

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME ALL CHAINED UP LIKE A BEAR, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOUR GAME IS?

JUMPIN' JIVES! THAT'S DUSTY'S VOICE!

VY NOT? SINCE YOU'LL NEFER LEAVE HERE ALIVE ANYWAY, DESE PEOPLE ARE PROF. WILSON UND HIS DAUGHTER, MARY. DER PROFESSOR HAS DISCOVERED A PROCESS WHICH MAKES THE USE OF ALUMINUM AND OTHER ESSENTIAL METALS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY FOR AIR PLANE PRODUCTION. NATURALLY VE ARE INTERESTED IN OBTAINING THE FORMULA FOR OUR OWN USE!

VE VERE USING-ER-PERGUASIVE METHODS TO MAKE DER PROF TALK VEN YOU UND DER SHIELD HEARD MISS WILSON'S SCREAM. VEN YOU SEARCHED DER INN, YOU FOUND NOTHING AS DER ONLY ENTRANCE TO DER LAUNDRY IS THRU DER SECRET PANEL IN DER WALL. UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU - YOU GAINED ACCESS THROUGH DER CHUTE!

AND HOW ABOUT ALL THOSE "GUESTS"?

DER GUESTS, HA HA! DEY VERE BUND MEMBERS UND DERE VIVES. VEN OUR MEN INFORMED US DOT YOU VERE ON DER LOOSE AGAIN, VE SUMMONED DEM HURRIEDLY TO POSE AS GUESTS IN ORDER TO CONFUSE YOU. OBVIOUSLY OUR PLAN HAS NOT SUCCEEDED. EVEN NOW OUR MEN ARE SEARCHING FOR DER SHIELD. HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY. DEY VILL GET HIM!

WHILE UPSTAIRS...

UP MIT DER HANDS!

OH! IS THAT SO?

YES, I GUESS IT IS!





HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, BOYS!

WHAM!

I TOLD YOU TO HOLD YOUR HATS, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

DIS'LL STOP YOU - SCHWEIN!

SECURELY BOUND, THE SHIELD IS THROWN DOWN THE CHUTE TO THE LAUNDRY BELOW...



POW!

WHERE HE IS SURVEYED BY THE LEADER.



JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS DER SHOW, MY PATRIOTIC FRIEND!

GO AHEAD AND HAVE YOUR FUN, NAZI BOY! BUT THERE'LL COME A TIME WHEN SHICKLGRUBER AND CO. WILL PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST CIVILIZATION!



BRING DER HOT MOLTEN LEAD AN' DER IRON BOOTS!



UND NOW, HERR PROF. - YOU VILL DIVULGE DER PLANS TO ME UNLESS YOU VISH TO HAF YOUR DAUGHTER'S FEET ENCASED IN SLIPPERS OF HOT LEAD!

YOU FIEND, YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME TALK SO YOU'RE TRYING TO GET AT ME THROUGH MY DAUGHTER!

THAT GIRL WOULD RATHER SUBMIT TO TORTURE THAN HAVE HER FATHER TELL! IF I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE! IF I ---



EXERTING SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, THE SHIELD BURSTS HIS BONDS...

HE SMASHES INTO THE LEADER, UPSETTING THE BRAZIER AND SPILLING THE WHITE HOT LEAD ONTO THE ANCIENT WOOD FLOORING, SETTING IT AFIRE.

IN THE CONFUSION THAT ENGUES, THE SHIELD RELEASES THE CAPTIVES AND TURNS TO DUSTY'S SHACKLES.

YOU CAN'T OPEN THAT WITHOUT A KEY!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR THE NAZIS TRY DESPERATELY TO OPEN THE PANEL IN THE WALL - BUT THE TERRIFIC HEAT HAS WARPED THE MECHANISM.

WE CAN'T GET OUT THROUGH THE CHUTE, AND DUSTY'S STILL CHAINED. WHAT A PICKLE! THERE IS STILL ONE CHANCE --- IF I ONLY HAD MY SUPER POWERS!

WITH A PRAYER ON HIS LIPS, THE SHIELD FLEXES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, AND...

IT DOESN'T OPEN!

WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!

IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT.

I'M NOT THROUGH YET!



SEIZING THE TWO CAPTIVES IN HIS ARMS, THE SHIELD DARTS THROUGH THE SEETHING INFERNO AND SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE WALL OUT INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR...

IF NOT FOR YOU, MR. SHIELD, WE'D HAVE PERISHED ALONG WITH OUR CAPTORS!

IT WAS NOTHING!

LISTEN TO HIM -- IT WAS NOTHING HE SAYS!



HOLY COW! YOU BURST YOUR BONDS, RIPPED MY CHAINS AND WENT THROUGH A WALL LIKE A TORNADO. W-WHY THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOT YOUR SUPER POWERS BACK!

I DON'T KNOW, DUSTY! IT MAY HAVE BEEN A FLASH! TIME WILL TELL!

IN GERMANY, A WEEK LATER, THE DECODED RESULTS ARE BROUGHT TO DER FUEHRER...

LIEBER GOTT! IMBECILE! DIS IS DER DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE --- WRITTEN IN DIG LATIN!

HAS THE SHIELD FINALLY REGAINED THE USE OF HIS SUPER-POWERS? OR IS IT JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS AND SEE!



SUICIDE FOR THE SLANT-EYES

A SHIELD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was pain in Dusty's eyes as he looked at The Shield. "But, Shield!" he protested. "We always work on cases together. This is the first time you ever asked me to stay at home."

The Shield slammed Dusty on the back. "Sorry, kid," he said. "Culler insists that this case is too dangerous for you, and I'm inclined to agree with him." He stepped to the door, opened it, and turned. "And besides, this *isn't* the first time I've worked without you. Our very last case was one I handled solo."

Morrie Culler was tall and emaciated. An expression of impatience crossed his features and he said, "Come on, Shield. This is urgent!"

"Okay, Culler," said The Shield. The two stepped out of the door, and slammed it behind them.

Dusty watched them go, puzzlement on his face. Then he nodded his head, and the puzzlement turned to determination. "But I *did* work with The Shield on his last case," he said, aloud. "I think I understand what this is all about!"

The Shield grinned widely as he settled back in Culler's car. "You know, Culler," he said. "That was a good piece of luck, your getting this tip about Soturu's hideout. When you wrote me from F. B. I. headquarters asking me to locate him, I thought it wouldn't be too hard—but, gosh, I was dead wrong. I hadn't gotten a single lead until you walked in this morning."

"It wasn't your fault," said Culler. "Soturu is this country's most dangerous saboteur, and he keeps himself well hidden. When we cracked one of his gang, and found out where Soturu was hiding, I took a plane right down here. I couldn't raid his hide-out with my men, because that might scare the Jap off so I decided to ask you to help me and take the chance that he hasn't too many men with him."

"I see," said The Shield. "How much further is it?"

"Just about a mile," said Culler.

The Shield nodded. "How about finishing that story you were telling me this morning?" he suggested.

"You remember—you were telling me that you'd lived most of your life in Japan, and that it was your knowledge of Jap habits and customs which got you into the F. B. I. You started a story about one of the Jap generals, and you never finished. . . ."

"I remember," said Culler. He lit a cigarette. "There isn't much more to tell. The Chinese defeated the Japs in that battle—and do you know what the screwy Jap general did? He left a note saying that he'd disgraced his Heavenly Emperor . . . and then he went and committed hara-kiri. You know what hara-kiri means, don't you, Shield? It's suicide . . . these Jap nuts always kill themselves when they've been disgraced. Hara-kiri, hara-kiri, hara-kiri—that's all I heard day and night."

"Yes, I know," The Shield said, "you explained all about hara-kiri this morning. Funny business, that."

Culler nodded. "My own tutor killed himself," he said. "He disgraced himself in some fashion—and the next day we found him with a knife in his stomach. *His* note said, 'Hara-kiri is the only thing left for me.'"

The car ground to a halt, and the two men stepped out. "I'm parking about a block before the place," said Culler. "It's safer that way."

The two men walked softly down the road and stopped in front of what seemed to be a deserted house. "This is it," said Culler, softly. "Let's go!"

The Shield placed his shoulder against the door, and slammed. There was a splintering sound as the door burst open, and the two men raced into the house.

And then the F. B. I. man stopped, and a cruel smile spread over his face. "I can stop acting now," he said. "I'm not Culler. My government—the Japanese government—is planning extensive sabotage in this city, and this has been a trick to put you out of the way." His voice rose, became harsh, loud. "Get him, men!"

The Shield leaped forward. "I can stop acting, too," he said. He lashed out with his fist, and caught the fake Culler on the jaw. The Jap agent

rocked, and the Shield hit him again. He went down . . . and out.

Men began to appear from the shadows. Three—four—five—of them. In a startled flash, The Shield recognized the first of these as Soturu himself!

And at that moment, Dusty, the Boy Wonder, raced through the doorway!

The Shield and Dusty went to work. The Shield slammed his fist hard against Soturu's face, and the saboteur went down like a log. Dusty did the same with another Jap, and *he* went down. A bit more of this, and the five Japs lay sprawled on the floor.

"Come on, Dusty," said The Shield. America's Fightingest Duo streaked into the next room . . . and saw a man seated in a chair. He was trussed hand and foot.

"There's the real Morrie Culler," said The Shield. Quickly, he stepped forward and untied the man.

Later, back at their apartment, Dusty looked with admiration at The Shield. "I caught on that you wanted me to follow you when you made that trick remark about me not helping you on your last case," he said. "But how did you get wise that the guy was a phony? He seemed to know his Japanese all right."

"No, Dusty," said The Shield. "Our friend *didn't* know his Japanese. I realized that he was a fake when he kept saying that the Japs called their 'honorable suicide' hara-kiri. That isn't so, Dusty—as I found when I read a book on Japan several months ago. The Japs call it *seppuku*." He smiled. "This guy was probably just a gangster who worked for the Japs—and they would never have explained about hara-kiri being wrong even if he used the term in front of them, because they won't talk to a white man about these things."

The Shield thrust out his hand. "So you see, Dusty, I had to act in with him because I knew he'd lead me to the real Culler and possibly to Soturu. I wasn't trying to leave you out of things. What say, pals again?"

Dusty grinned and took the hand. "Pals again—and always," he said.

The HANGMAN



THE CLOP-CLOP OF HOOVES, THE CLANKING OF ARMOR AND THE WILD TOSS OF A STALLION'S HEAD HERALDS A CREATURE FROM THE DUSTY PAST...
THE CRUSADER...
THIS AVENGING KNIGHT, WHO HAS VOWED VENGEANCE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, STEPS OUT OF THE PAGES OF TIME TO DO MURDER...
IS IT UTTERLY FANTASTIC?
OR IS IT POSSIBLE?
READ ON...

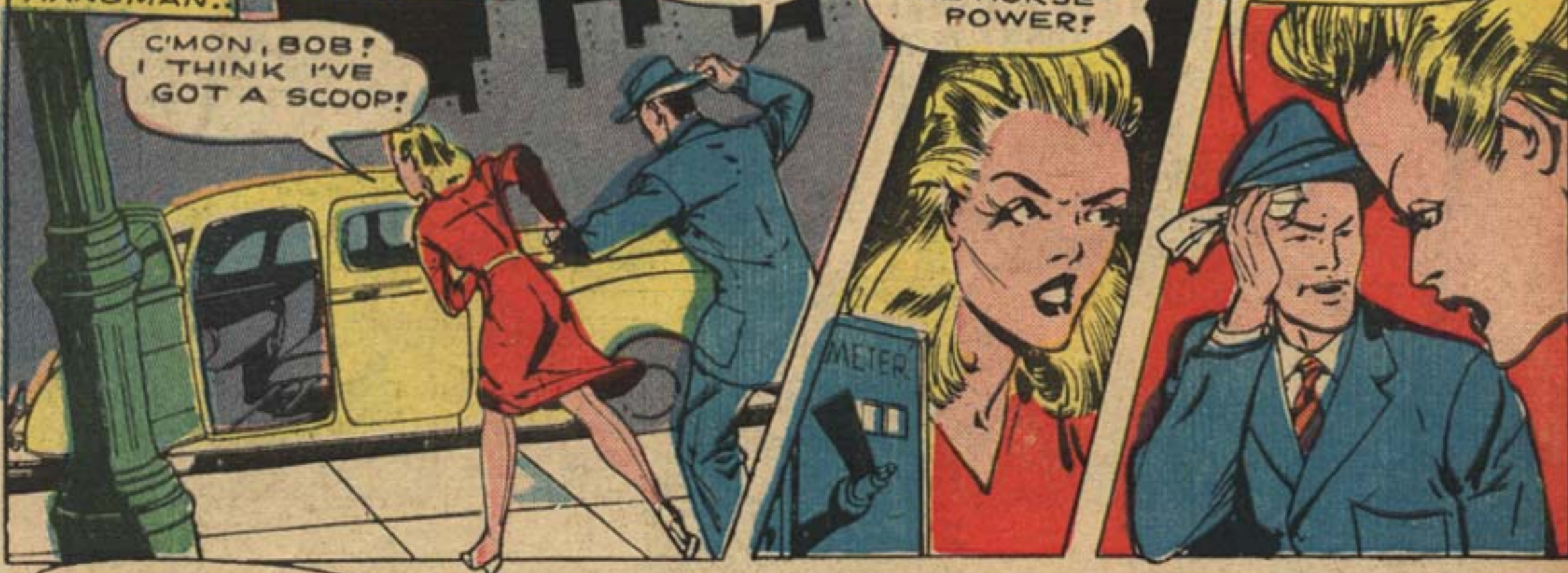
THIS STORY BEGINS ON A WINDY DAY IN NOVEMBER.. A DAY NOT LIKELY TO BE EVER FORGOTTEN BY THE HANGMAN..

OKAY, THEL, I'M COMING!

TAKE US TO THE AIRPORT- PRONTO! AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSE- POWER!

EVERY TIME WE START ON A DATE, YOU DRAG ME OFF ON SOME STORY!

C'MON, BOB! I THINK I'VE GOT A SCOOP!



GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, BOB! THE DELEGATES FROM TURKEY WHO ARE SIGNING A SECRET PACT WITH THE U.S. ARE ON THAT CLIPPER!



THE CABIN DOOR OPENS, AND HASSEN BEN SOBER AND HIS ENTOURAGE STEP OUT..

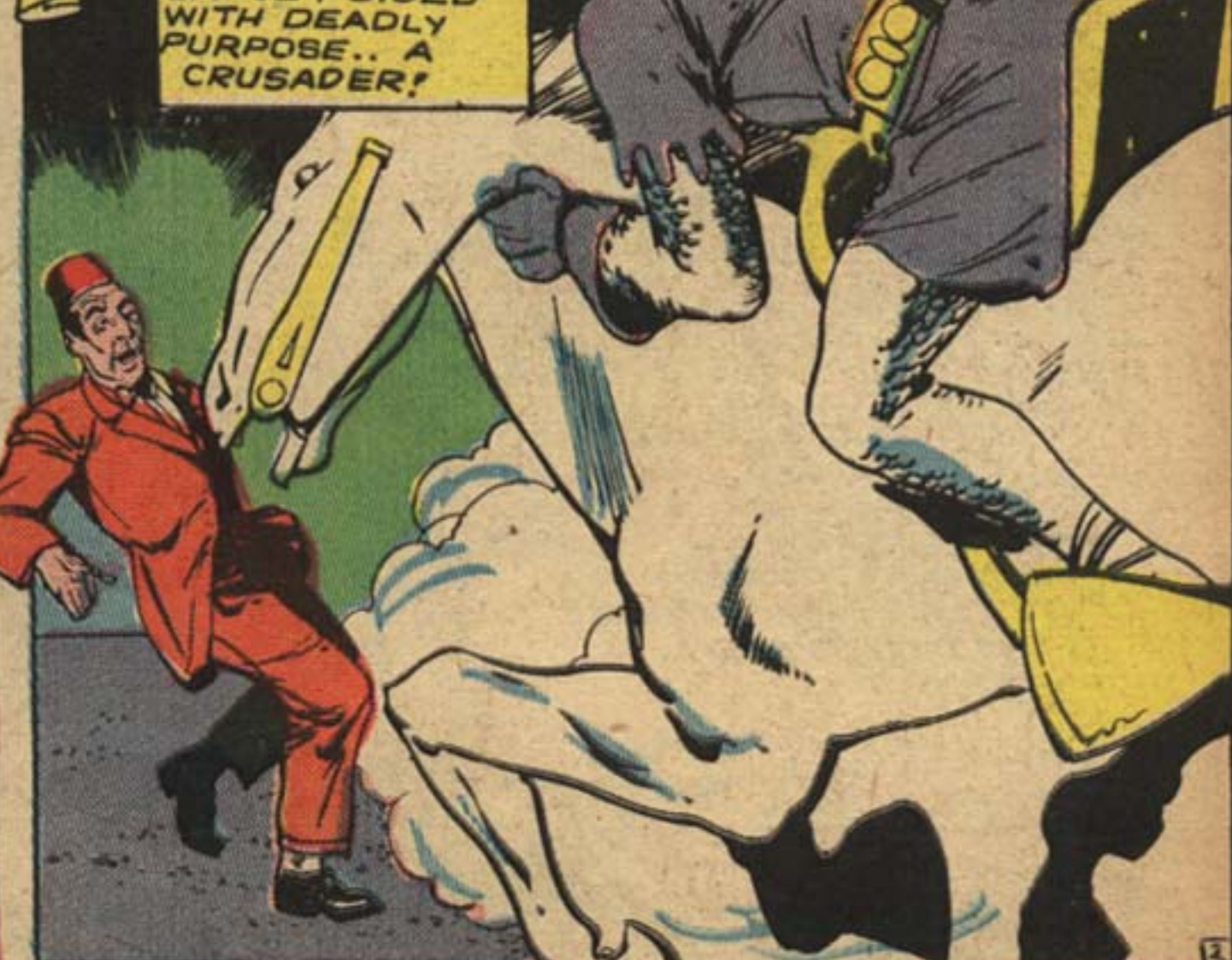


HOW THAT GIRL GETS THESE SCOOPS IS BEYOND ME! HOPE SHE'LL FINISH HER INTERVIEW IN A HURRY!

SUDDENLY, A CLUMPING OF HOOVES IS HEARD. WIDE-EYED INCREDULITY QUICKLY BECOMES STARK HORROR AND THE LEADER OF THE DELEGATION, HASSEN, SHRIEKS A WARNING..

..AND CHARGING INTO THE DELEGATION, ON A MILK-WHITE STEED.. LANCE POISED WITH DEADLY PURPOSE.. A CRUSADER!

WATCH OUT!



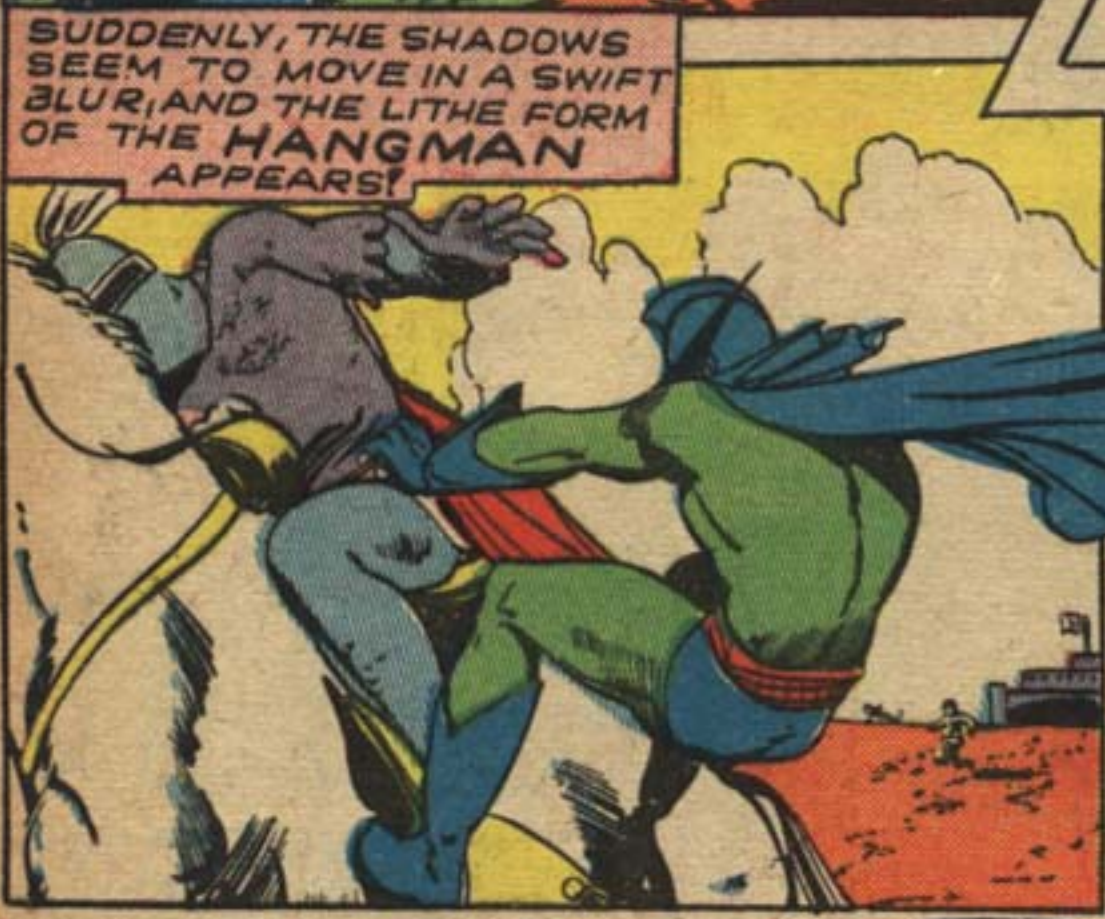


MY ETERNAL VOW OF VENGEANCE IS AT LAST FULFILLED, HASSAN BEN SOBER? DIE, TREACHEROUS TURK! DIE!



A ARGH!

BUT BEFORE THE LANCE CAN STRIKE, AN AIDE LUNGES IN FRONT OF HASSAN AND INTERCEPTS THE DEADLY THRUST.



SUDDENLY, THE SHADOWS SEEM TO MOVE IN A SWIFT BLUR, AND THE LITHE FORM OF THE HANGMAN APPEARS!



WHOA, NELLIE!



BACK, CHURL! YOU ARE TRIFLING WITH YOUR OWN DOOM!

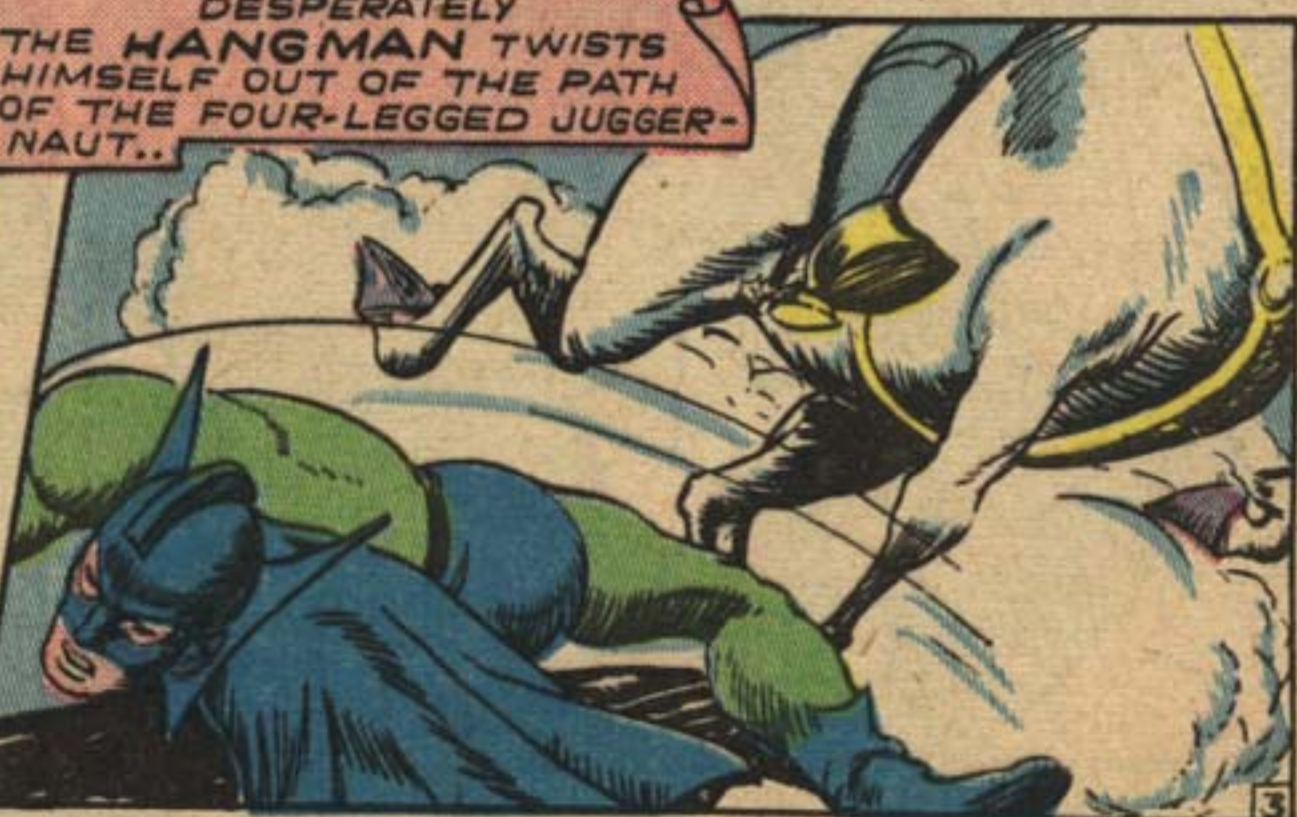
POW!



CRUSH HIM, MACEDON! TRAMPLE HIM UNDER YOUR HOOF! NOBODY SHALL STAND IN THE WAY OF THE CRUSADERS SWORN VENGEANCE!



HANGMAN! WATCH OUT!



DESPERATELY THE HANGMAN TWISTS HIMSELF OUT OF THE PATH OF THE FOUR-LEGGED JUGGERNAUT..

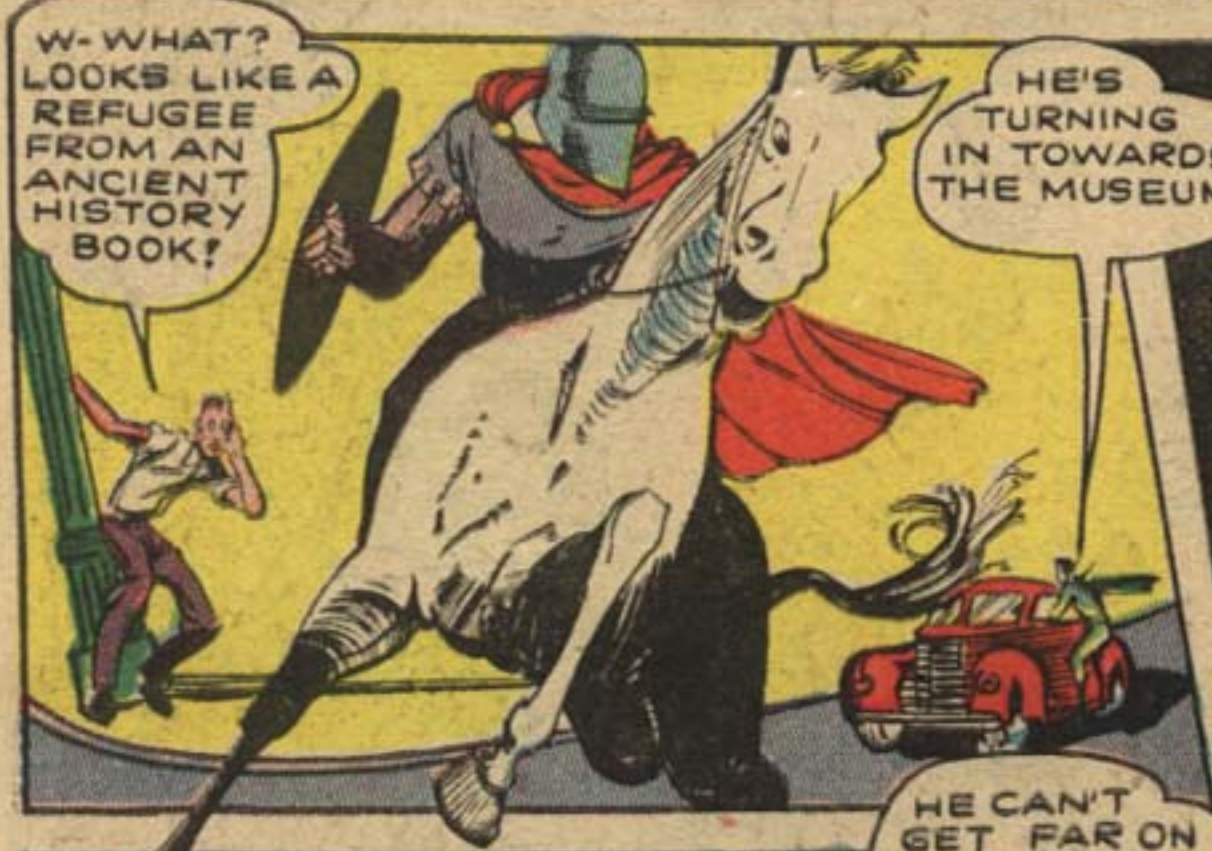


YOU HAVE ESCAPED ME THIS TIME, HASSEN BEN SOBER, AS YOU HAVE FOR CENTURIES..BUT I SHALL RETURN!

JIMINY! THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF HIS SKULL!

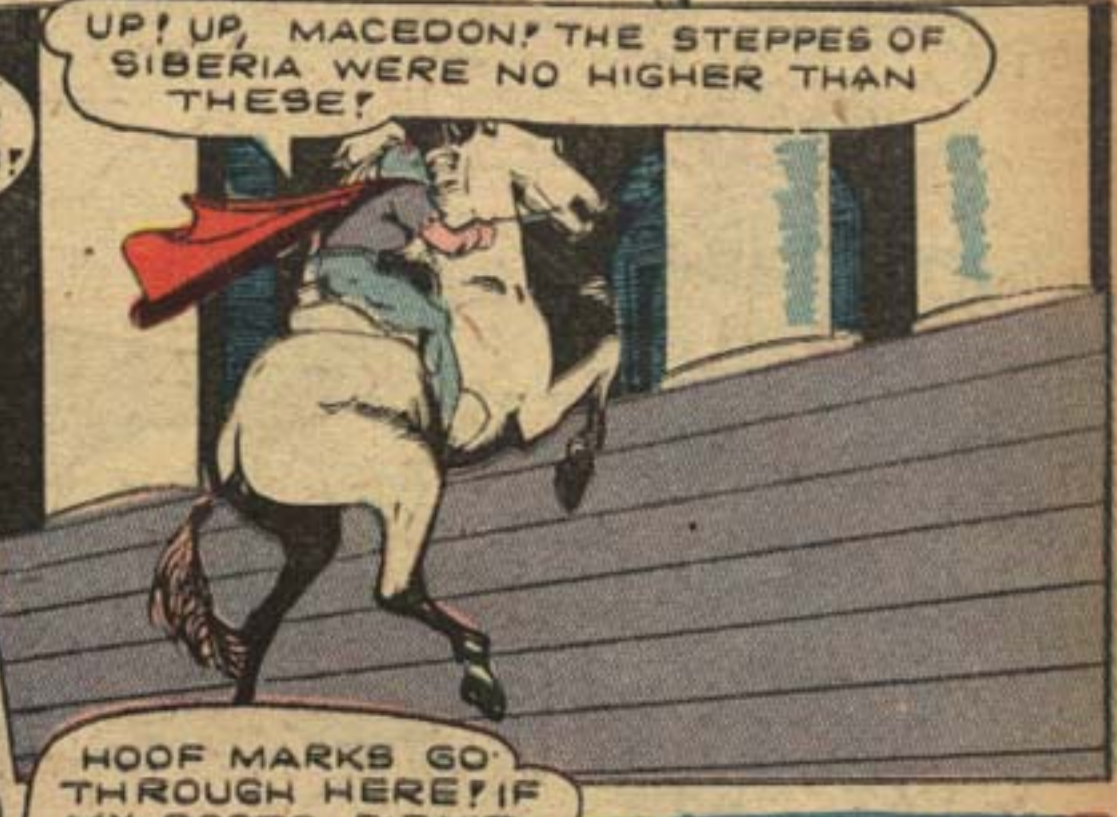


FOLLOW THAT MAN ON THE HORSE! HURRY!



W-WHAT? LOOKS LIKE A REFUGEE FROM AN ANCIENT HISTORY BOOK!

HE'S TURNING IN TOWARDS THE MUSEUM!



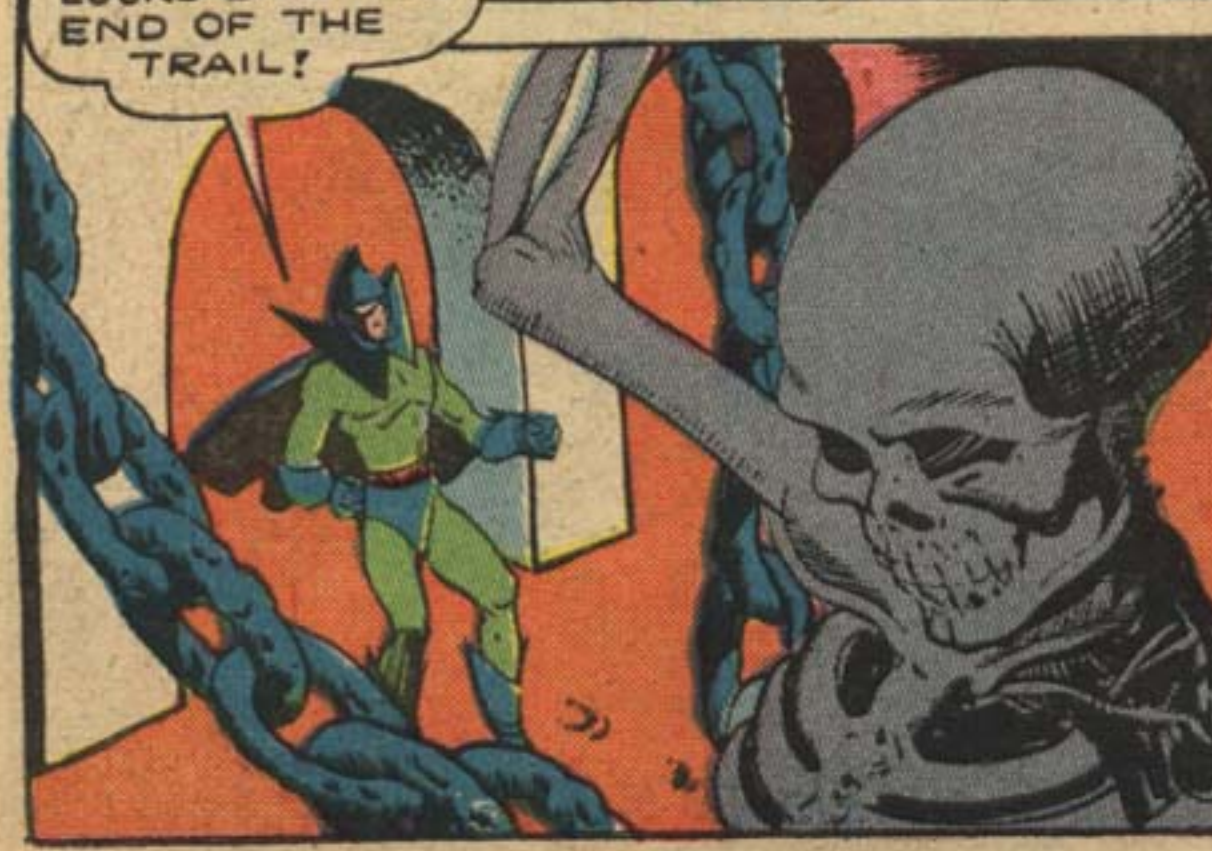
UP! UP, MACEDON! THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA WERE NO HIGHER THAN THESE!



HE CAN'T GET FAR ON THAT HORSE!



HOOF MARKS GO THROUGH HERE! IF MY BOOTS DIDN'T PINCH ME.. I'D THINK I WAS DREAMING!



LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL!



GOOD LORD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



THERE HE IS! I MEAN... THAT'S THE IDENTICAL ARMOR AND HORSE OF THE CRUSADER?



MAYBE I'M GOING CRAZY, BUT I DON'T SEE WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE TO... IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THAT DUMMY SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE???



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE? IT'S AFTER HOURS.. NOBODY'S ALLOWED..



THE HANGMAN.. AND TH-THE GALLOWES!



AND PERHAPS DEATH, MY FRIEND! UNLESS YOU TALK AND TELL WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS EXHIBIT HERE... THIS CRUSADER!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM APPEARS.

WHAT'S ALL THIS?



I'M ON THE TRAIL OF WHAT MAY SOUND INCREDIBLE.. BUT THAT CRUSADER HAS COME ALIVE!

I'M THE CURATOR.. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU..



SO YOU THINK THE CRUSADER CAME TO LIFE, EH? AND THIS IS YEAR 1942? IT'S WEIRD! WEIRD! CAN THE LEGEND BEHIND THIS CRUSADER, ACTUALLY, BE TRUE?

BEFORE YOU TELL ME YOUR STORY, I THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR'S HOUSE! I'M SURE HE'D BE INTERESTED!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CHAMBERS OF HASEN BEN SOBER..

.. YOU ARE TO DIE AS I DID AN ETERNITY AGO! IT IS WRITTEN IN THE SHADOWS OF THE HILLS!



YOUR TELEPHONE, SIR.. I SHALL ANSWER IT!

THERE'S A GENTLEMAN DOWNSTAIRS WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE HANGMAN!

THE HANGMAN! WHY, HE SAVED MY LIFE AT THE AIRPORT! SEND HIM UP AT ONCE!

MINUTES LATER..

YOUR EXCELLENCY!

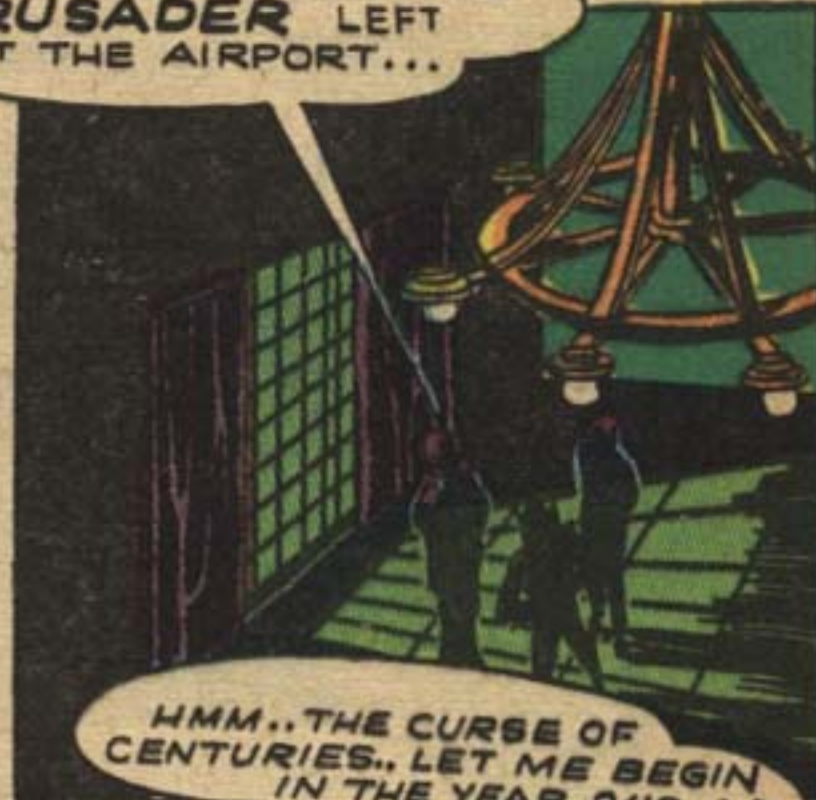
I AM HONORED, HANGMAN! I OWE MY LIFE TO YOUR BRAVERY!



THIS IS THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM! HE HAS A STORY TO TELL US THAT MAY SHED SOME LIGHT ON THIS CRUSADER!

LET ME SHOW YOU A PARCHMENT..

.. WHICH THE HORSEMAN WHO RESEMBLED THE CRUSADER LEFT AT THE AIRPORT...



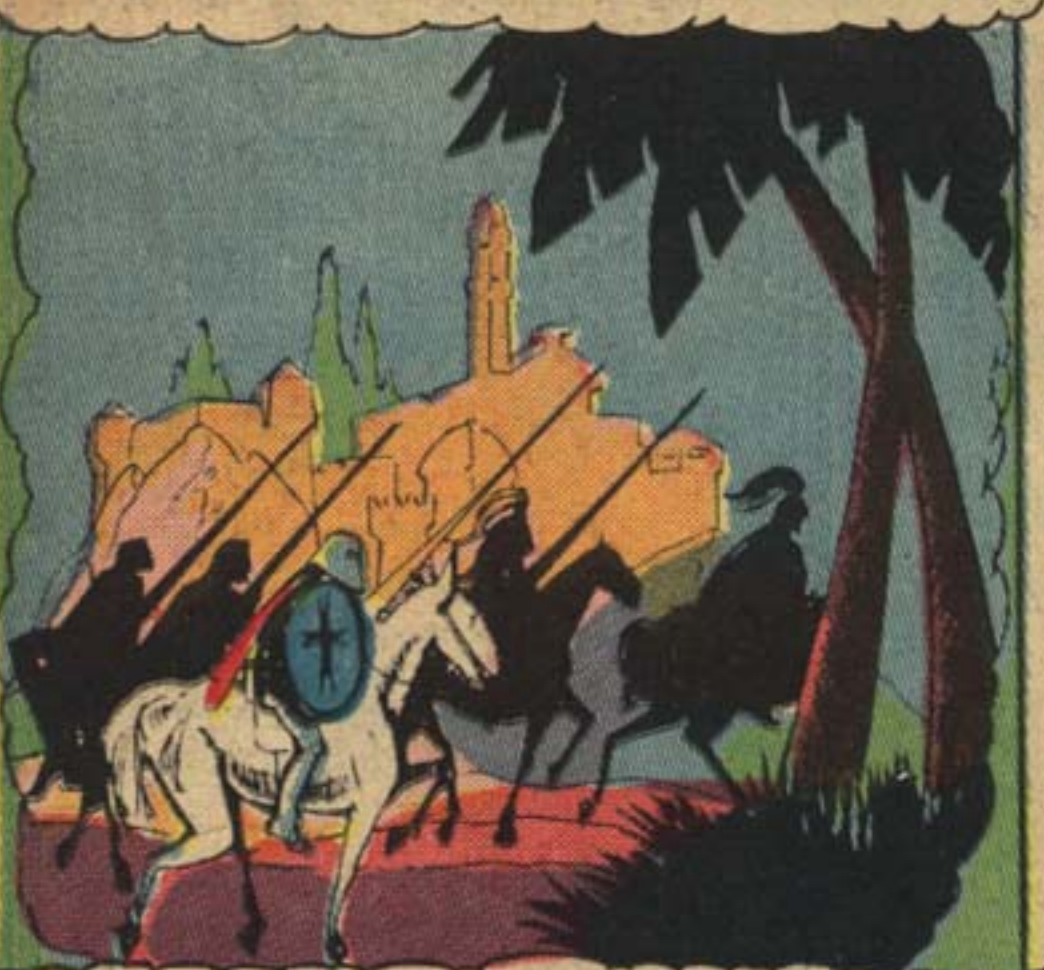
THIS SCROLL WARNS THE TURKS THAT DEATH BY THE HANDS OF THE CRUSADER IS INEVITABLE! IT SAYS THAT WE HAVE AT LAST LEFT THE LAND WHERE WE ARE SAFE.. AND THE CURSE OF CENTURIES WILL BE FULFILLED!

SLOWLY, THE CURATOR BEGINS..

HMM.. THE CURSE OF CENTURIES.. LET ME BEGIN IN THE YEAR 942 A.D., JUST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!



"... A BAND OF MEN, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE CRUSADERS, SET FORTH AGAINST THEIR ANCIENT ENEMY... THE TURKS."



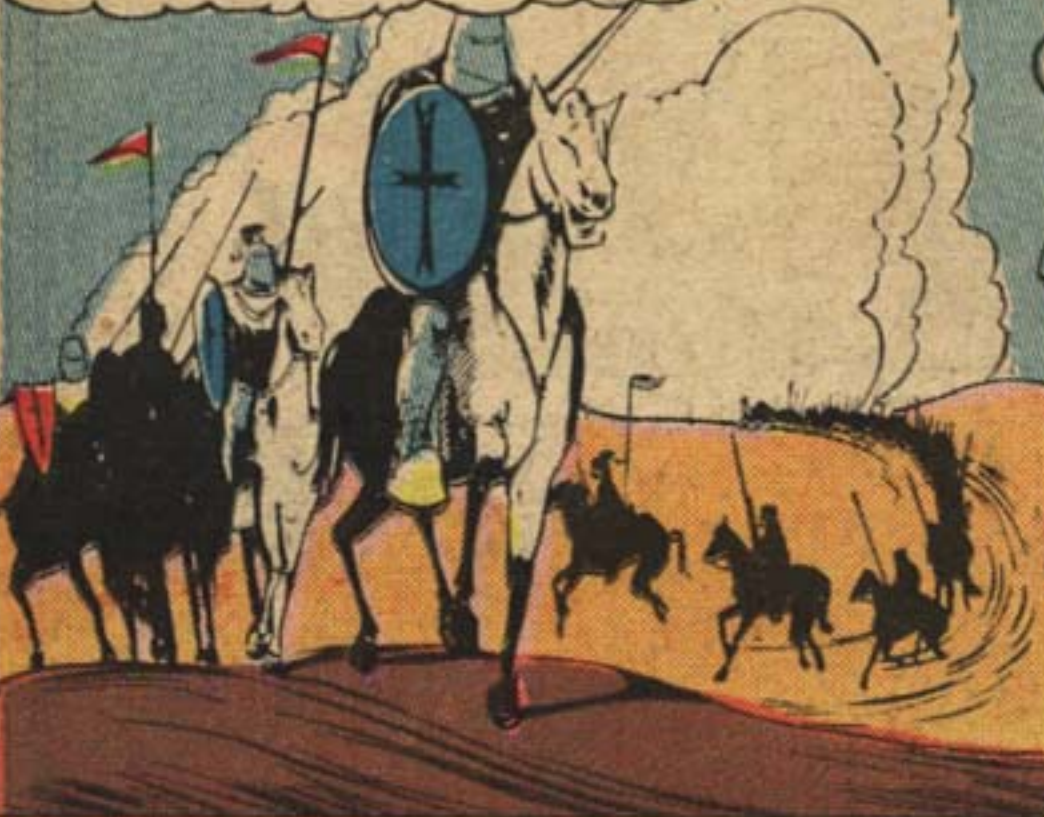
"BUT BEFORE THE CRUSADERS SET FORTH, THEIR LEADER RECEIVED THE CHURCH'S SACRED BLESSING!"



TO YOU IS GIVEN THE SACRAMENT OF ETERNAL LIFE! NOTHING CAN HARM YOU UNTIL YOUR MISSION IS FULFILLED!



"AND SO... ARMED WITH THE PRIEST'S ETERNAL ANOINTMENT, THE CRUSADER LED HIS PEOPLE FORTH INTO BATTLE!"

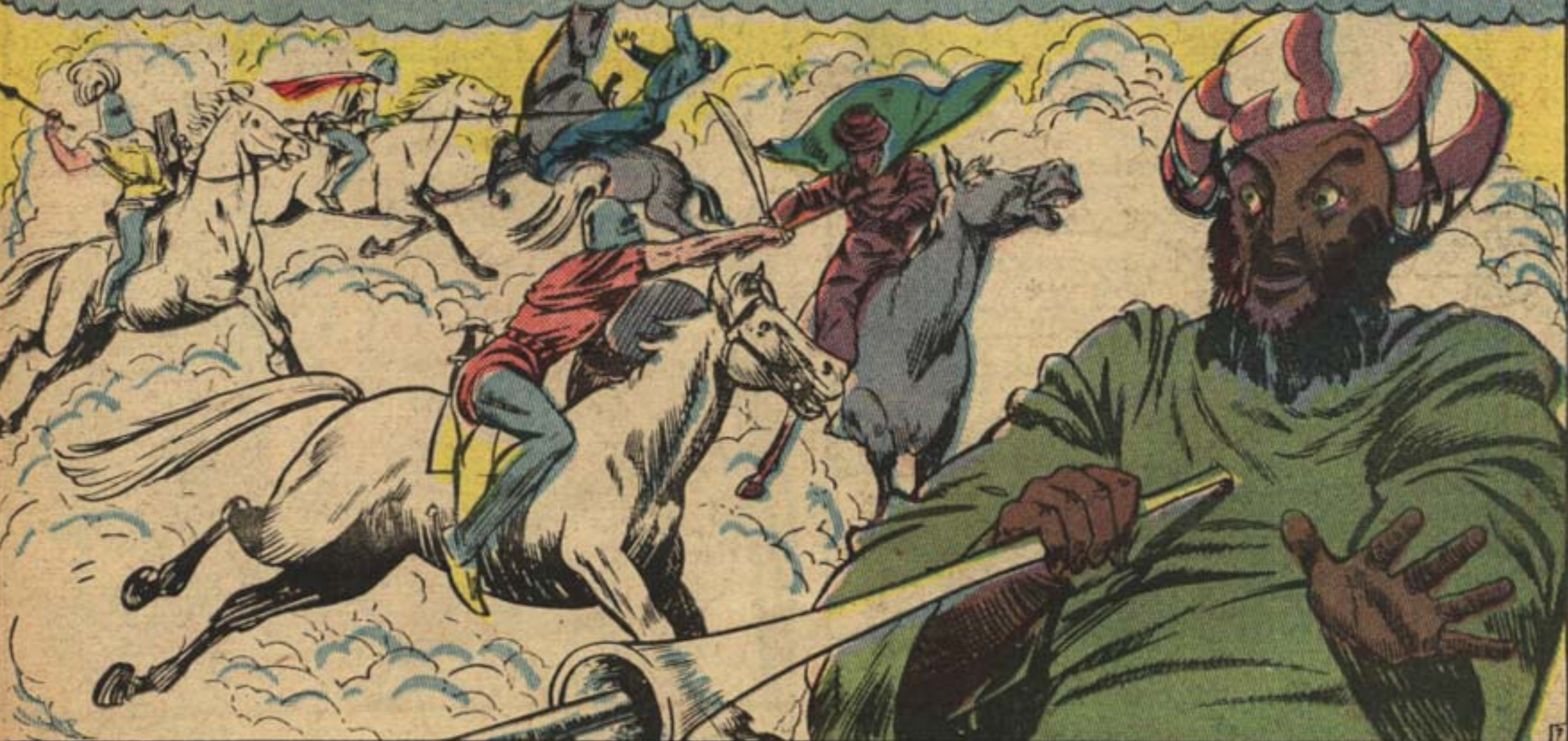


"AFTER DAYS OF MARCHING... SUDDENLY THEIR QUARRY WAS SIGHTED."



THE TURKS! CHARGE!

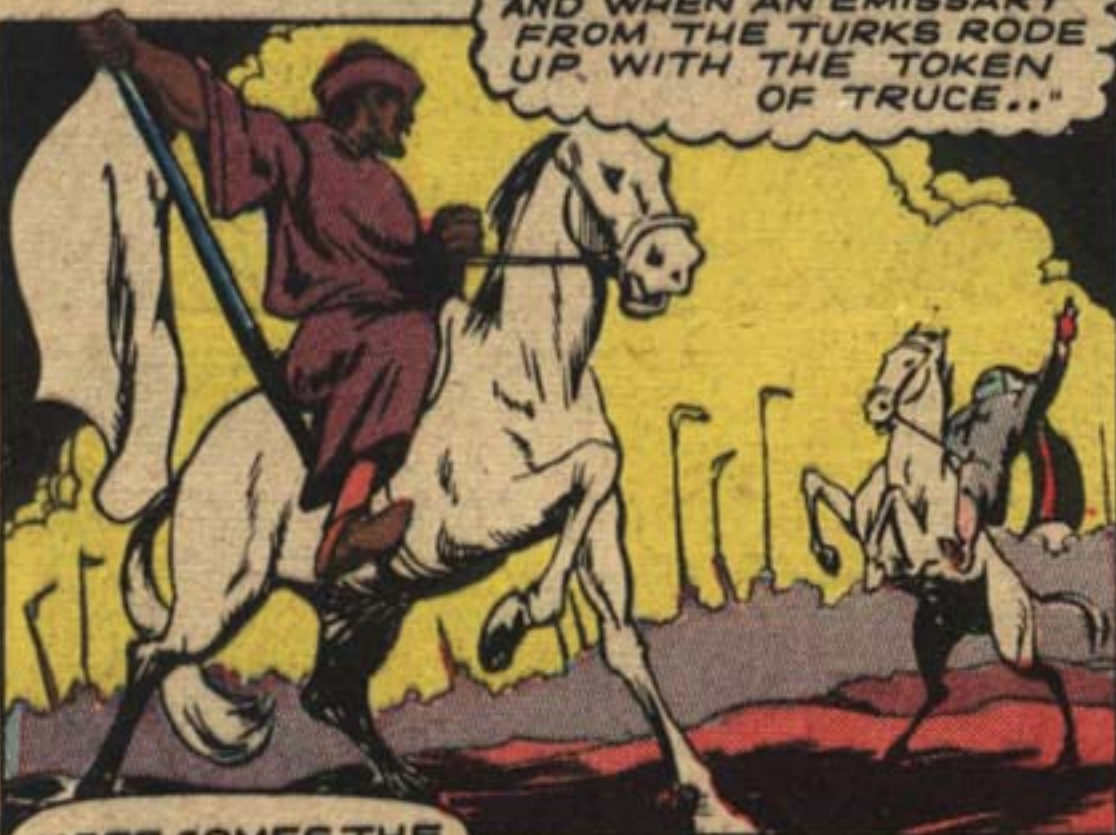
"TIME WAS AN ETERNITY IN THE HEAT OF THE DESERT SUN, AND AS THE HOURS WORE ON, THE SANDS TURNED RED WITH BLOOD."





ON, MEN!
FIGHT
ON!

"BUT, THE TOLL OF THE BATTLE WAS
TOO HEAVY ON BOTH SIDES!"



"AND WHEN AN EMISSARY
FROM THE TURKS RODE
UP, WITH THE TOKEN
OF TRUCE.."



"THE CRUSADER HIMSELF, BEARING THE
WHITE FLAG OF PEACE, SETS FORTH FOR
THE ENEMY CAMP... ALONE!"



HERE COMES THE
CRUSADER
NOW, SIDI!

YOU HAVE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS?
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO WHEN
HE GETS
HERE!



I COME, BEARING
A SYMBOL OF PEACE!

ALLAH BE
PRAISED! COME
INTO OUR TENT
TO DISCUSS
THE TERMS!



"BUT TREACHERY WAS AFOOT..WHILE THE
CRUSADER DISCUSSED PEACE IN THE
TURKISH TENT.."

HASTEN, MEN!
NOW WE SHALL
ENCIRCLE THE
UNSUSPECTING
ENEMY!



I CANNOT BELIEVE IT POSSIBLE
THAT OUR NATIONS HAVE
SETTLED THEIR
DIFFERENCES!



SUDDENLY!
EEEEEE!

GOOD! OUR SOLDIERS HAVE
AMBUSHED THE ENEMY!



THE CRUSADER
RUSHED OUT TO
FIND HIS ARMY
CAUGHT UNAWARES
BY THE TREACH-
EROUS TURKS!



WE HAVE
ANNIHILATED
THE ENEMY,
HASSEN!

YOU RAN UP THE
WHITE FLAG AND
THEN KILLED MY
PEOPLE WHEN THEY HAD
LAID DOWN THEIR
WEAPONS!

BIND THE
CRUSADER
SECURELY! I
CARE NOT
FOR HIS
WORDS!



BARBAROUS... INHUMAN
TURKISH SWINE!



LASH HIM
UNTIL HE'S
DEAD!

YOU CAN BEAT ME, BUT
I'LL NEVER DIE! IF I
HAVE TO WAIT A
THOUSAND YEARS,
I'LL RETURN FOR
VENGEANCE!



AND SO GOES THE
LEGEND! THE
ARMOR WE HAVE
IN OUR MUSEUM IS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
BEEN WORN BY
THE CRUSADER
A THOUSAND
YEARS AGO!

A THOUSAND YEARS
AGO AND TODAY
TOO, IT SEEMS!



FROM WHAT YOU'VE
TOLD ME, HANGMAN,
EVEN I, A MAN OF
SCIENCE, AM FORCED
TO BELIEVE THERE
MUST BE SOME
TRUTH IN THIS
LEGEND!



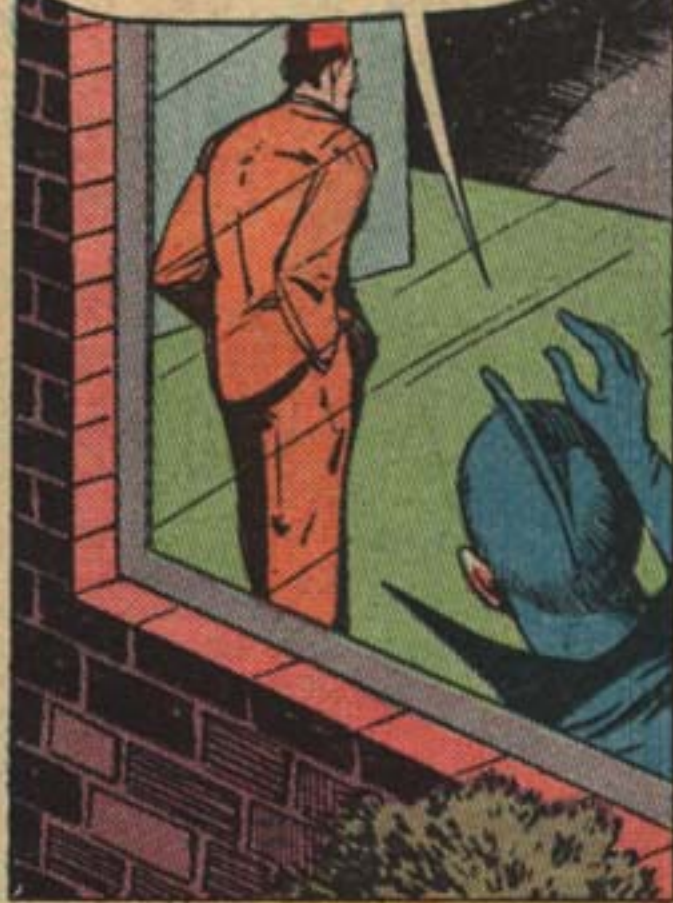
IT'S FANTASTIC,
BUT IT DOES
APPEAR AS THOUGH
THE CRUSADER HAS
RETURNED FROM
THE DEAD.. GOOD
DAY, GENTLEMEN!
I MUST RETURN
TO MY WORK!

GOOD
DAY, SIDI!
AND MANY
THANKS!

WHAT CAN I DO? IF THIS IS REALLY THE **CRUSADER**, I CANNOT ENDANGER THE LIVES OF MY DELEGATES BY REMAINING HERE ANY LONGER!



DON'T GO YET, HASSEN BEN SOBER! THE TREATY YOU ARE TO SIGN WITH AMERICA IS VITAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS!



I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT THE DEAD CAN COME TO LIFE. NOW, I'VE A PLAN... AND WITH YOUR HELP, I MAY BE ABLE TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!



LATER, HASSEN BEN SOBER AND HIS ENTOURAGE LEAVE TO CONFER WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE...



FINALLY ARRIVING...

ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU, SIR!



THIS TREATY WILL DO MUCH TO SHORTEN THE WAR AGAINST OUR COMMON ENEMY, THE NAZIS!



THE CHIEF TURK SLOWLY BEGINS TO SIGN THE TREATY...



SUDDENLY, THE HUSHED SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE CLATTER OF HOOFES...



THE **CRUSADER'S** RETURNED!



NOW, YOU LOATHSOME TURK, I HAVE RETURNED FOR VENGEANCE!



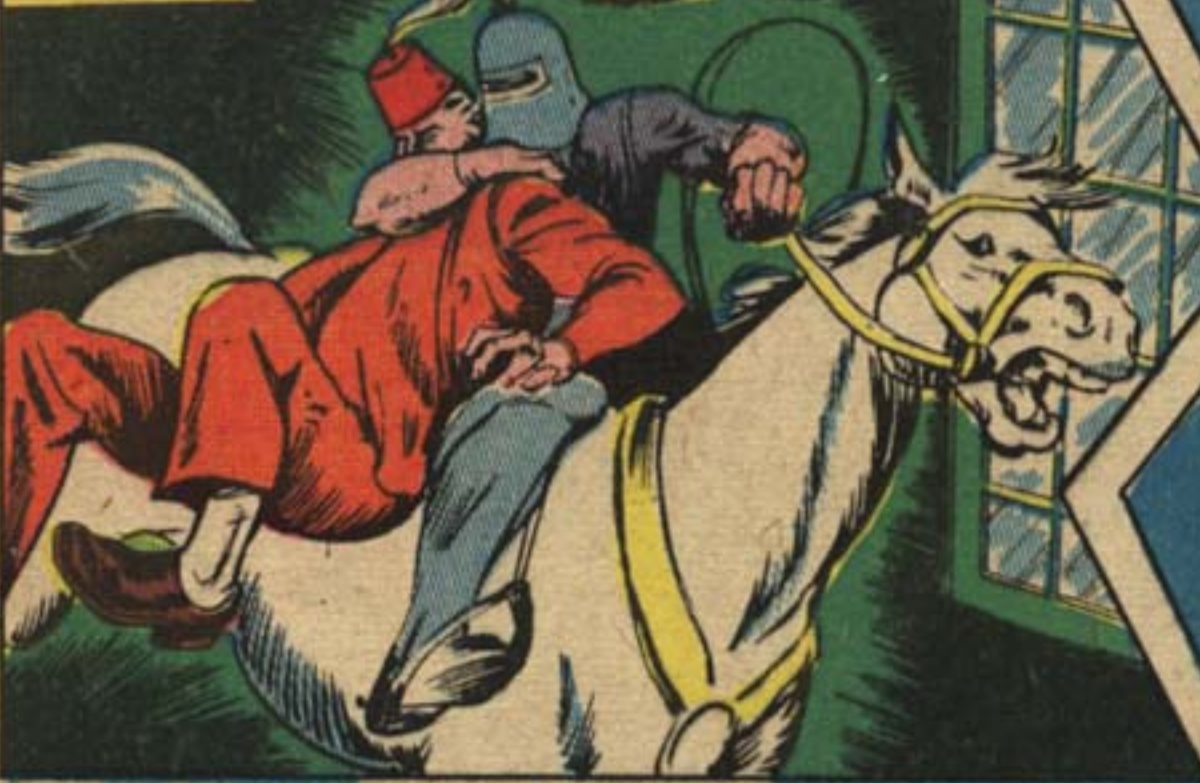
OUT OF MY WAY, INFIDEL!

SWAYING FROM HIS HORSE, THE CRUSADER SNATCHES THE TURK ABOUT TO SIGN THE TREATY.

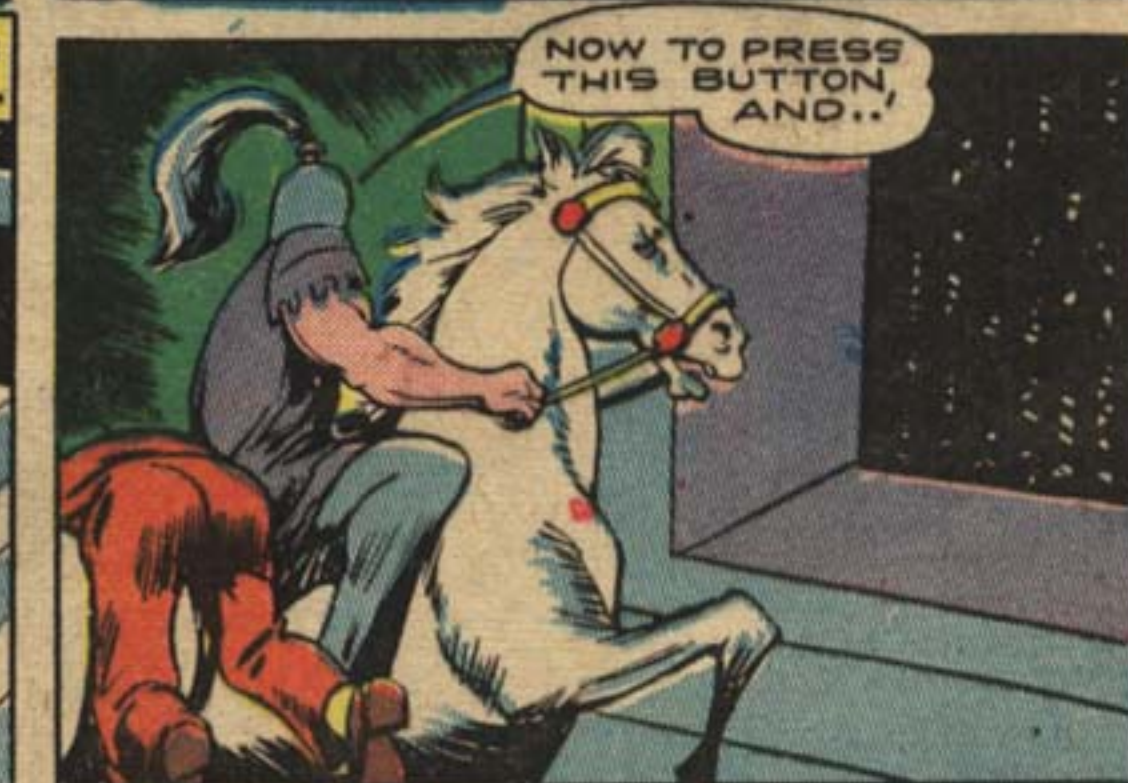
F.B.I. MEN SWING INTO ACTION, BUT..



IT'S NO USE! THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS ARMOR!



UNSCATHED, THE CRUSADER RIDES UNTIL HE REACHES THE MUSEUM..



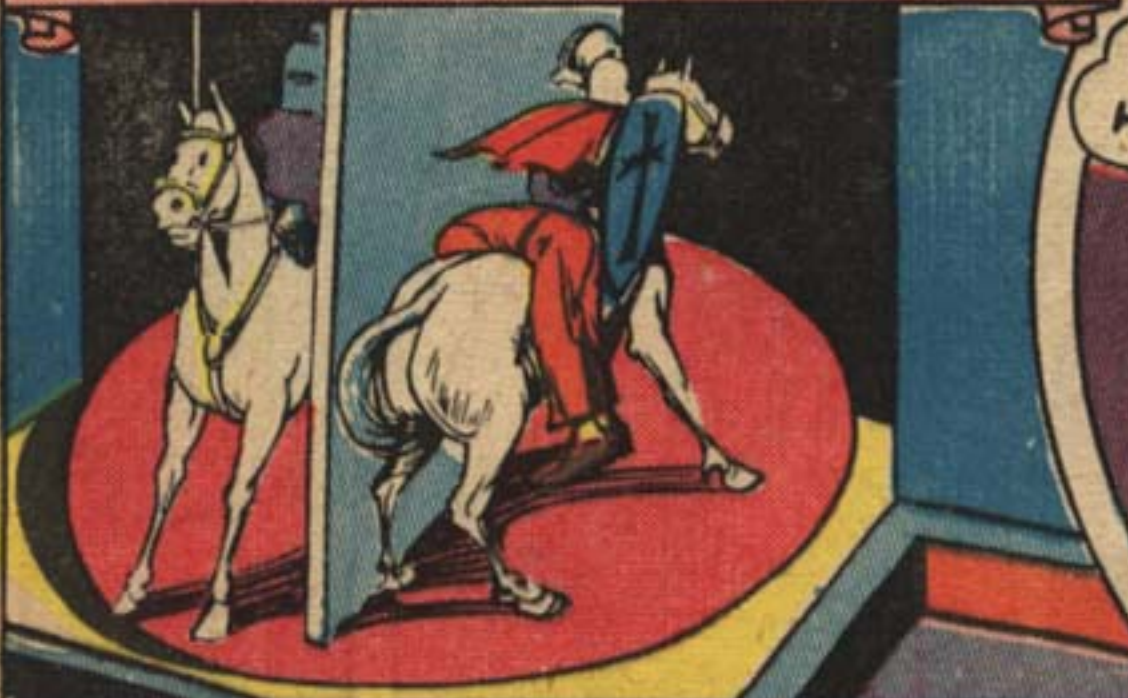
NOW TO PRESS THIS BUTTON, AND..



MY MISSION WILL SOON BE ACCOMPLISHED!

A REVOLVING PLATFORM BRINGS THE DUMMY HORSE AND CRUSADER BACK ON DISPLAY, AND THE REAL ONES BEHIND A FALSE WALL..

DOWN A LONG RAMP, INTO A SECRET ROOM BENEATH THE MUSEUM..



HEIL, HITLER!

YOU SEE, MR. TURK,
I AM NOT REALLY
A CRUSADER! MY
ONLY GOD IS THE
FUEHRER! SURPRISED,
AREN'T YOU?



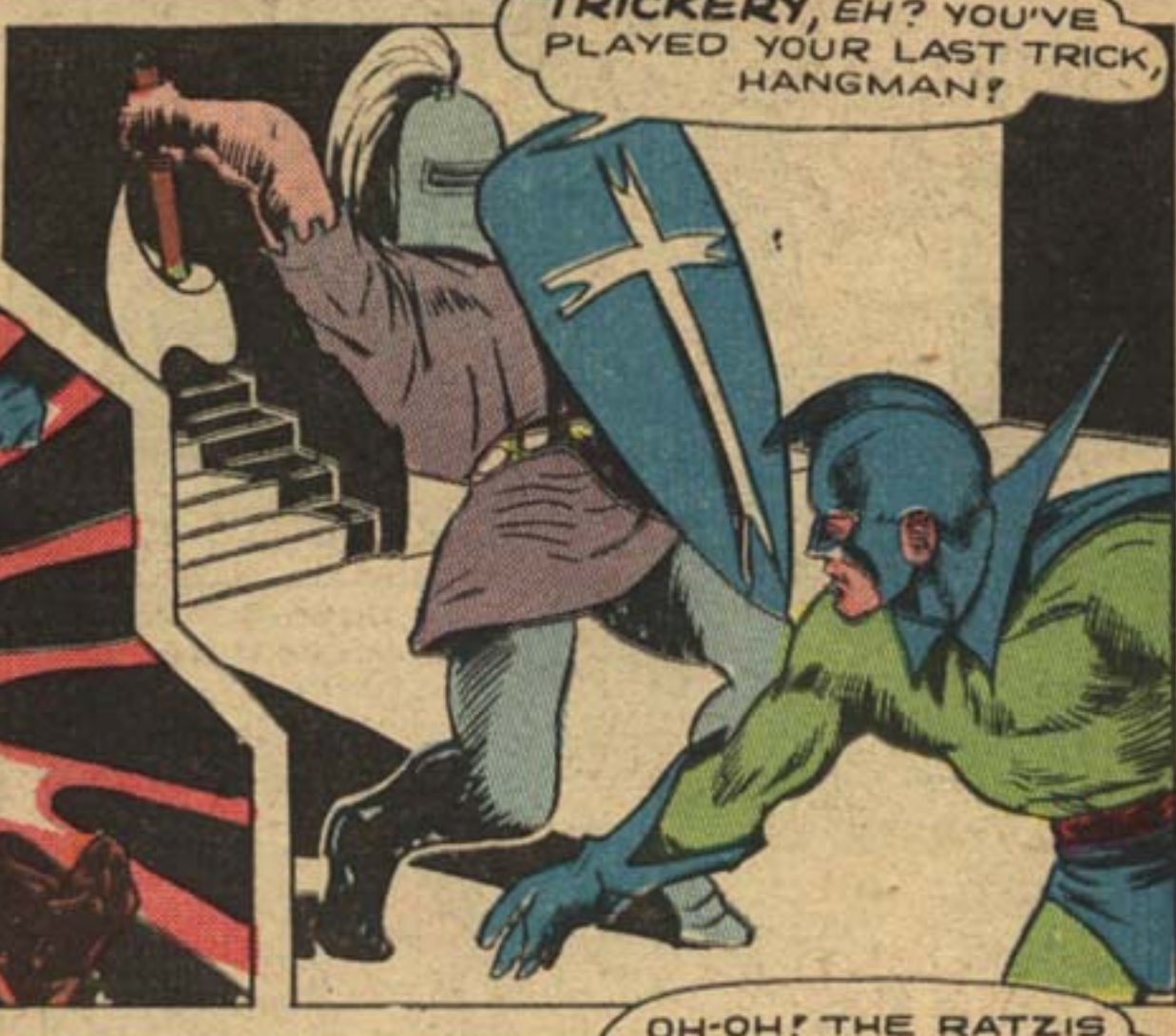
SUDDENLY, THE
SUPPOSED
HASSEN
REMOVES
HIS OUTER
CLOTHING
AND REVEALS
THE HANGMAN!

SURPRISED,
NAZI? I'M NOT
SURPRISED
IN THE
LEAST!



MATTER OF FACT,
IT'S JUST AS I
SUSPECTED!

TRICKERY, EH? YOU'VE
PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK,
HANGMAN!



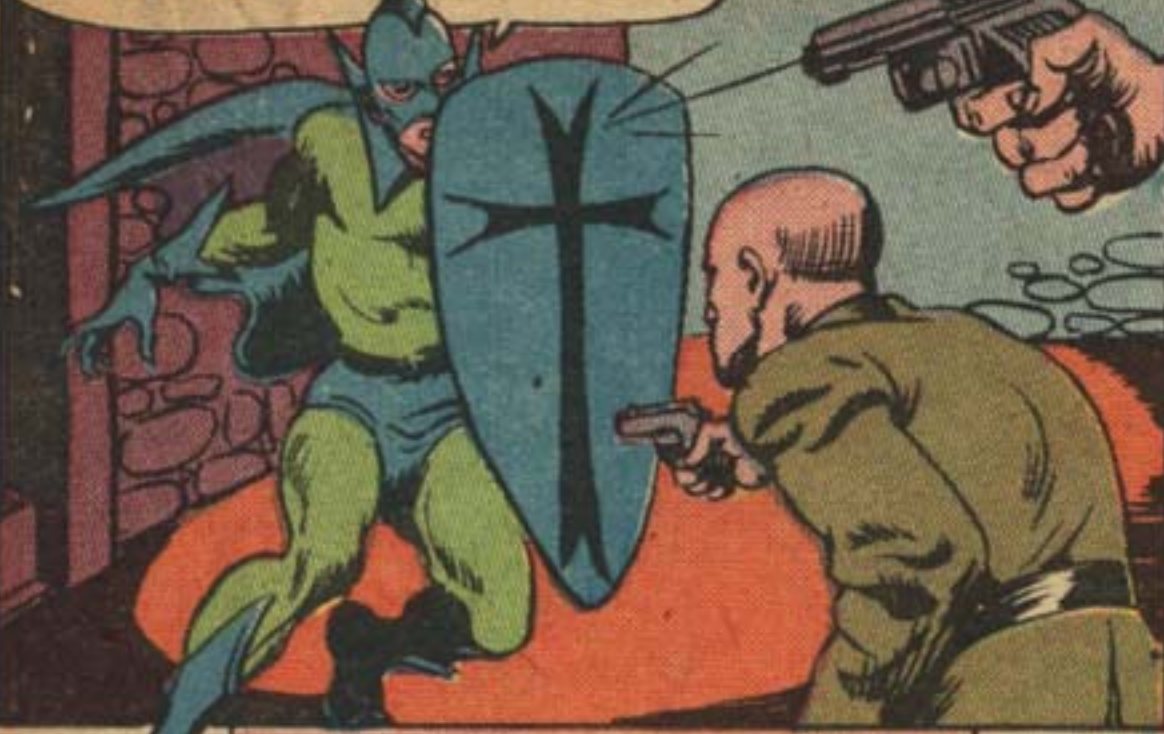
WRONG AGAIN!
I'VE GOT A COUPLE
LEFT!
HERE'S ONE OF
'EM!

...AND HERE'S
ANOTHER!

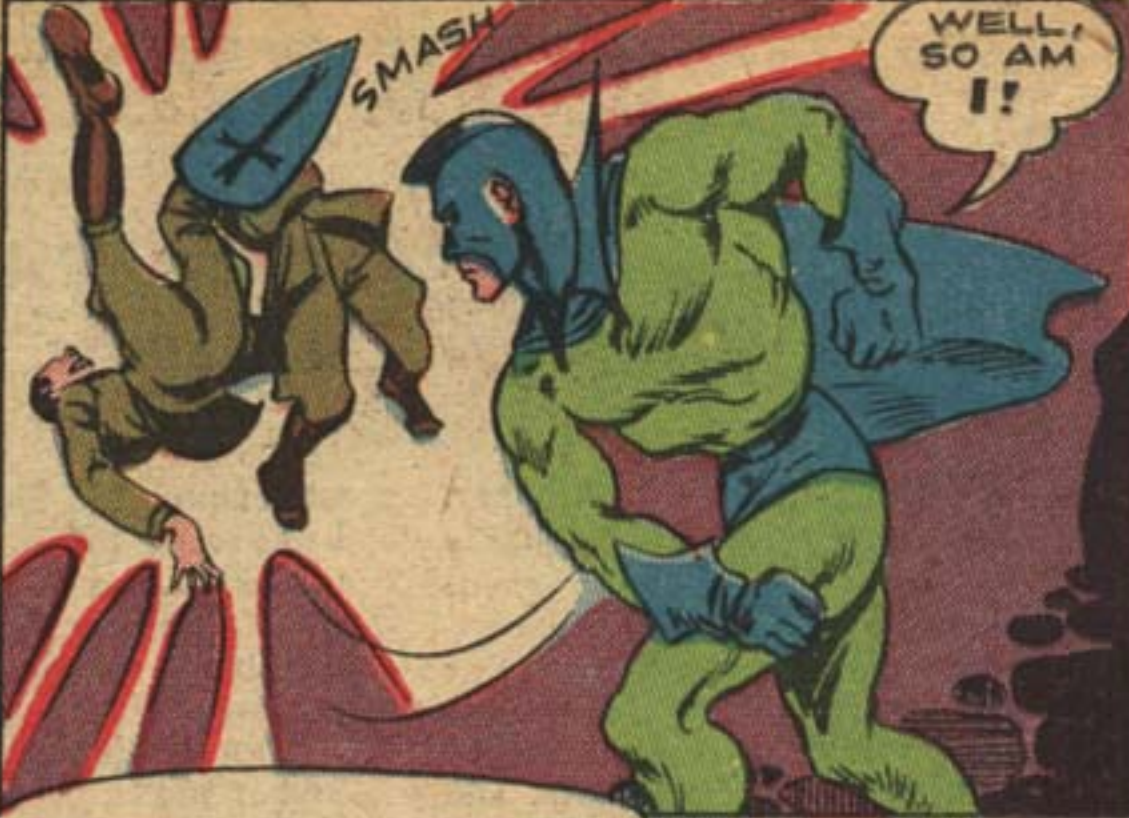
OH-OH! THE RATZIS
ARE GOING FOR THEIR
GUNS! I'D BETTER
GRAB THIS
SHIELD!



YOU FELLOWS SEEM TO BE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

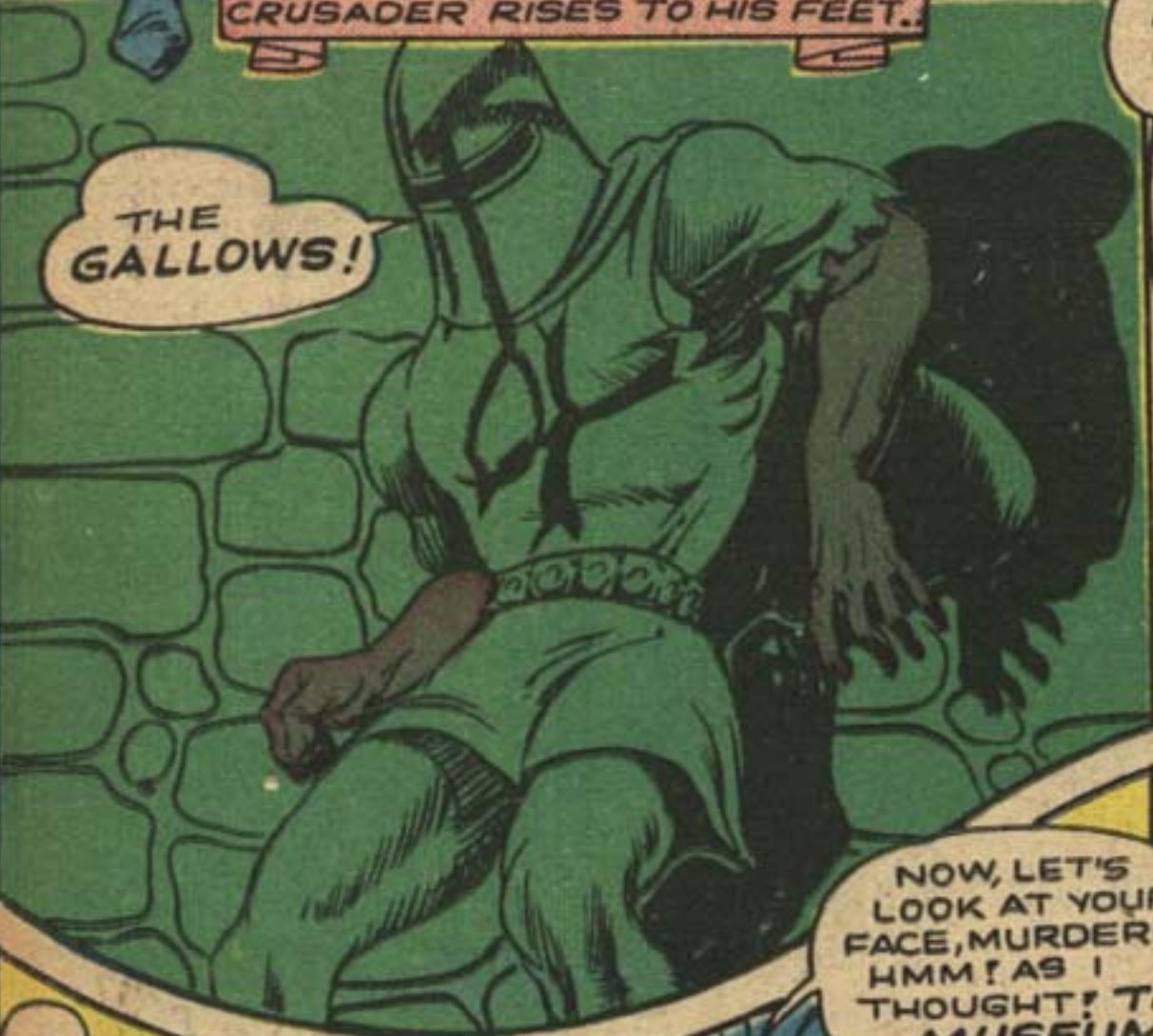


AND THEN, AS THE FAKE CRUSADER RISES TO HIS FEET...



WELL, SO AM I!

THE GALLOWS!



YES! YOUR GALLOWS?! I CHECKED UP ON THAT LEGEND AND DISCOVERED A CURIOUS FACT! THE ORIGINAL CRUSADER WAS NOT LASHED TO DEATH! HE WAS HANGED, JUST AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE! IRONIC, ISN'T IT?

SUDDENLY, THE POLICE, LED BY THE REAL CHIEF TURK, BURST INTO THE ROOM.



NOW, LET'S LOOK AT YOUR FACE, MURDERER! HMM! AS I THOUGHT! THE MUSEUM CURATOR!

THE TRAIL LEADS HERE! LOOK! THERE IS THE HANGMAN NOW!

GREAT SNAKES! AND HE'S ROUNDED UP A NEST OF NAZIS!



WE FOLLOWED THE INK YOU DROPPED FROM YOUR PEN, SIDI HANGMAN! IT WAS VERY CLEVER!

OUR NAZI FRIEND, THE CURATOR, ALSO TRIED TO BE CLEVER, BUT WITH LESS SUCCESS!

YOU SEE, HE WANTED TO KEEP YOU FROM SIGNING THE TREATY.. AND HE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SUSPECT ANY NAZI CONNECTION! SO HE GAMBLERD ON SCARING YOU OFF WITH THE LEGEND AND LOST!



HORNS!

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

JOE EDWARDS had a lot of money. He spent a great part of this money in purchasing and consuming various brands of whiskey.

He looked drunker than ever now. The Hangman recognized him immediately from his newspaper pictures, from the fact that his eyes were bloodshot, and his hair was disheveled in his famous fashion.

"I see that you're upholding your reputation," said The Hangman.

Edwards clutched The Hangman's arm. "I'm not drunk," he said. "I phoned Thelma Gordon and asked her to have you meet me here because I've had a terrible shock. I'm not drunk—just scared, scared badly."

"Get hold of yourself, and tell me what's troubling you," said The Hangman.

Edwards' trembling fingers dipped into his pocket, came out with a cigarette. He lit it and blew out a cloud of smoke. "That kind of steadies me." He drew at the cigarette again. "Look, Hangman," he said, after a moment, "you're familiar with my brother Paul, the big-game hunter, aren't you? He gets into the newspapers often enough."

The Hangman nodded.

"Well," Edwards continued, "he's supposed to be in Africa now . . . but I saw him in my house last night. I came home—and there he was. Sure, I was a little drunk, but not that drunk. I wasn't imagining things."

"So what?" said The Hangman, briefly. "He could have returned unexpectedly."

"You don't understand," said Edwards. "I came into my room, and he was lying on the floor, dead . . . strangled! But that isn't the only horrible thing . . ."

"Go on."

Edwards' eyes were wide, staring. "When I saw my brother—dead like that, I felt sick and dizzy, and I yelled and ran into the next room to phone the police. It was dark in the next room, but there was a thin stream of light coming through the window—and I saw a man in the shadows. He was hidden, and I couldn't see his face. But the top of his head was visible, and—and he had horns! Horns growing out of his head, Hangman! They weren't just fake horns fastened to his head—they were alive! I could tell they were alive!"

The Hangman stared at him, unbelievably.

"I guess I fainted after that," Edwards said. "The next thing I knew my other brothers, Sid and Eric, were rousing me. I told them about Paul, and they looked in my room. Paul wasn't there—the room

was empty. And Sid and Eric insist that I was seeing things because I was drunk, that Paul is still in Africa . . . but I swear I saw him dead. I've been walking the streets all night, thinking, and I'm positive . . ."

"Just a minute," said The Hangman. "What you've been telling me strikes a chord—something I saw somewhere—something I read somewhere—" Sudden understanding lit up his eyes. "I remember now. That article I once read." He took hold of Joe Edwards' arm. "What say we go up to your house, Joe? I'd like to have a word with brothers Sid and Eric!"

It wasn't easy to tell that Sid and Eric were brothers. They were entirely different types.

Sid Edwards looked like a truckdriver—a very rich truckdriver. He was about six-foot-six tall and, with his muscles bulging through his suit, he looked almost as wide.

Eric Edwards wasn't much over five feet tall. He was on the featherweight side, had an eyebrow-pencil moustache, and marcelled hair which looked as if he spent hours combing it. He was almost too pretty to live.

"Your brother tells me," The Hangman began, "that he—"

"My brother," Sid cut in gruffly, "is a drunkard. He was imagining things."

"We'll see about that," said The Hangman. "How tall is the brother Joe thinks he saw in his room?"

"Paul?" said Sid. "He's about six feet tall. Why?"

"Just curious," said The Hangman. He looked at Sid's huge, strong hands and remembered that Joe had said he'd seen Paul dead of—strangulation.

At this point, Eric Edwards took part in the conversation. He swept over to The Hangman and said, "I don't see why Joseph asked you here in the first place. He'd been drinking too much. That's all."

The Hangman moved back. There was an overpowering odor of perfume floating out of Eric's long hair, and The Hangman didn't appreciate that smell.

And then, suddenly, The Hangman stopped in his tracks.

With a quick movement, he darted forward and pulled at Eric's perfumed hair. It was a wig, and it came off in his hands!

Eric had horns growing out of his head!

"I thought so," said The Hangman. "Eric here suffers from *cornu cutaneum*, a rare skin disease which causes animal horns up to twelve inches in length to

grow out of the head. The disease is almost incurable . . . doctors burn the horns off and they grow back in three weeks. Right, Eric?"

Eric's face twisted, but he said nothing.

"Eric is the kind who's hypersensitive about his appearance; you can tell that by looking at him. He must have been hard hit when he got *cornu cutaneum*: made sure that even his own family didn't know about it by shaving off his hair and wearing a cover-all wig. Then, last night, Paul walked in unexpectedly and saw the horns. Some people have peculiar senses of humor—maybe Paul thought the situation funny. Then Eric, in a fit of insane rage, turned on Paul and killed him. Hundreds of cases have been known where a little man became angry enough to overpower a man twice his size."

Eric pulled a gun from his pocket, and he stepped backwards. "Don't move," he said softly. "You called it absolutely right, Hangman. I killed him, and when I heard Joe coming, I was startled and rushed out of the room. Then Joe saw my horns and fainted, and I lugged Paul into a closet, and buried him in the garden after the excitement died down." He frowned. "I can't understand, Hangman, how you knew I was the one who has the disease."

"Very simple," said The Hangman. "I read an article on *cornu cutaneum* once, and I remembered the description of the treatment. Doctors burn the horns off because a few patients are cured that way, though it doesn't work with most, and the burning process leaves an unpleasant smell. Therefore, you put a touch of perfume on your head, and I realized that a guy as careful of himself as you are wouldn't commit the social error of wearing so much perfume without good reason."

"I see," said Eric. "Yes, that clears things up very nicely. And I think I won't need you three around any longer. The doctor won't give away my secret because of professional confidence—and I took care of the wigmaker. Now I'll make sure of you!"

He lifted the gun . . . and The Hangman leaped.

Almost simultaneously, The Hangman's left fist smashed into Eric's gun hand, and his right fist smashed into Eric's face. Eric dropped the gun, and he fell backwards against the door. The Hangman hit him again, and he went down and out.

"There's your murderer," said The Hangman. He lifted the phone, called the police, and settled back to wait.

Captain COMMUNDO

AND THE
BOY
SOLDIERS



THIS IS A STORY WHICH MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE HAPPENED! WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN, THE UNITED NATIONS WERE GIRDING THEMSELVES FOR THE INEVITABLE POUNCE UPON THOSE ENEMIES OF ALL MANKIND: THE NAZIS! PERHAPS TODAY, WHEN THIS TALE IS BEING READ... THESE INCIDENTS ARE FACTS... THEY MAY BE THE HEADLINE NEWS OF YOUR MORNING'S NEWSPAPER; IF THEY ARE NOT... REMEMBER... THESE THINGS CAN HAPPEN.....

IT IS THE WISH, THE HOPE, THE FERVENT DESIRE OF ALL HUMANITY THAT THIS STORY COME TRUE..... SOON!

ALMOST EVERY INDIVIDUAL BORN IS CAPABLE OF CHANGING THE FACE OF THE WORLD... THERE'S A ROOSEVELT AND A CHURCHILL IN YOUR OWN HOME SUPPOSE WE GO BACK BEFORE THE WAR STARTED AND TAKE THE CASE OF RED BREWSTER.



DAT RED BREWSTER'S QUITE A FIGHTER. HE'LL BE KNOCKIN' THE SOCKS OFF MY MAN IF HE GETS NEAR HIM!

HOW ABOUT MAKING RED A PROPOSITION?

RED! HOWJA LIKE TO MAKE FIVE GRAND?

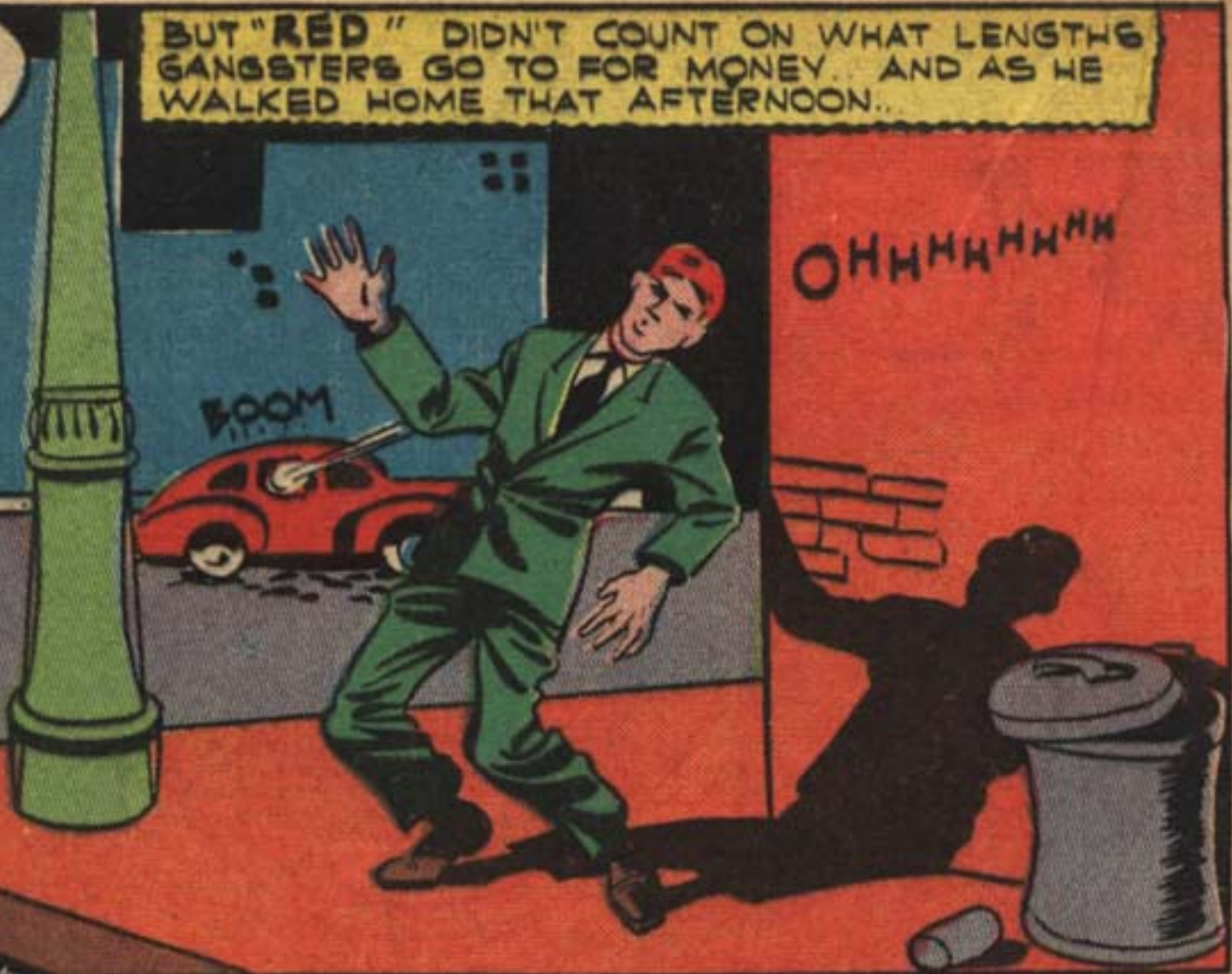
WHAT'S THE GAG?

JUST THROW YOUR FIGHT TONIGHT - THAT'S ALL!

IN A GYMNASIUM ONE NIGHT...

WHY, YOU DIRTY CHEAP GAMBLERS I WOULDN'T TAKE A NOSE-DIVE FOR A MILLION DOLLARS' NOW GET OUT BEFORE I KNOCK YOU OUT'

BUT "RED" DIDN'T COUNT ON WHAT LENGTHS GANGSTERS GO TO FOR MONEY. AND AS HE WALKED HOME THAT AFTERNOON..



OHHHHHHHH

BOOM

SOME CAR WHIPPED AROUND A CORNER AND..

...MACHINE GUNNED THIS POOR FELLA'

GIVE THE GUY ROOM!

HUNH! ONLY SCRATCHED! I GUESS I'M ALL RIGHT!

YOU'RE PRETTY LUCKY BUD!



THAT NIGHT AT THE FIGHT...

BONG

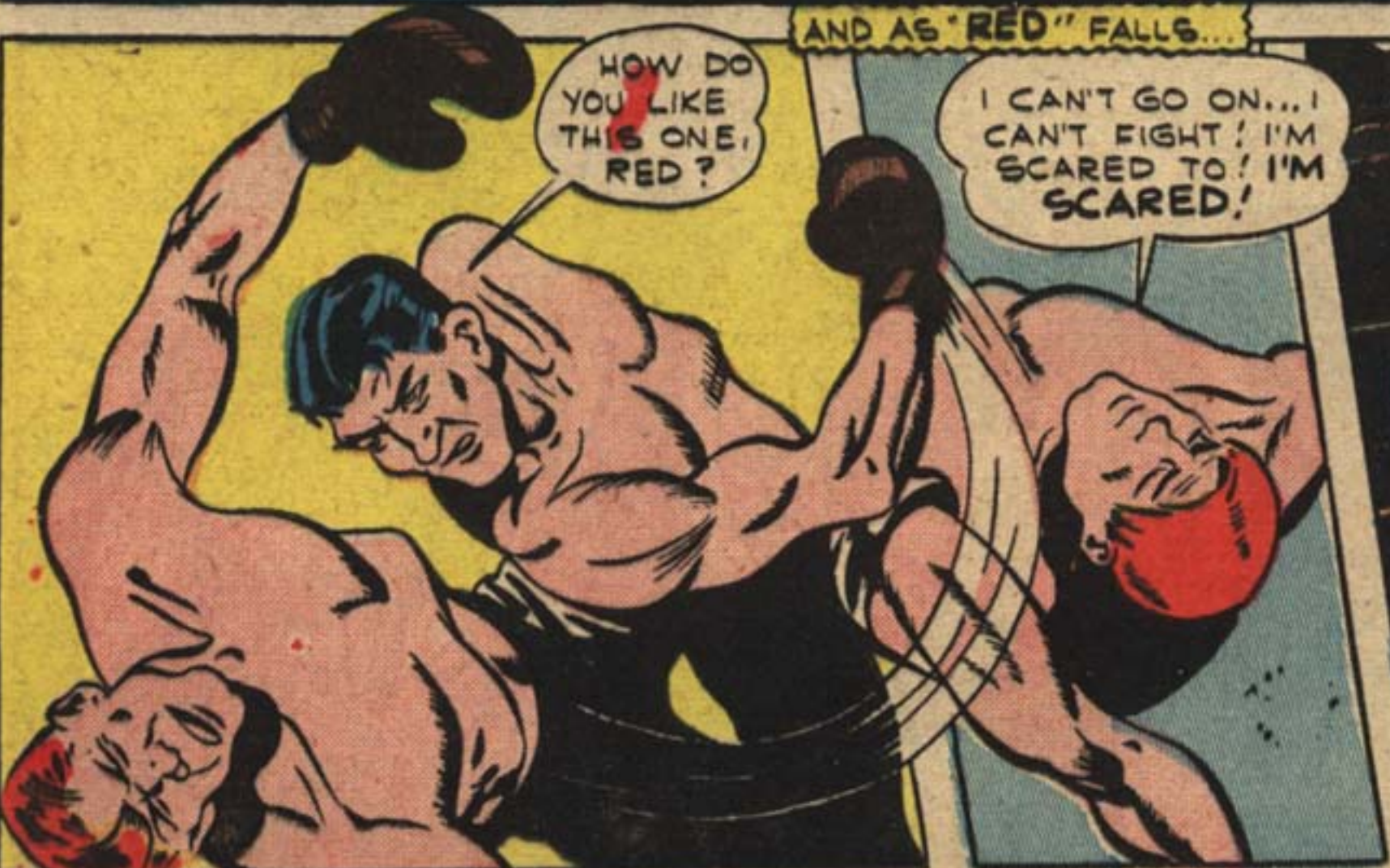


AND AS "RED" FALLS...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE, RED?

I CAN'T GO ON... I CAN'T FIGHT! I'M SCARED! I'M SCARED!

EIGHT NINE TEN YOU'RE OUT!



SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO RED, THE FIGHTER WHO WANTED TO BE A CHAMP. SUDDENLY TURNED YELLOW. A COWARD.

CAN'T FIGHT NOW. MAYBE THAT BULLET THAT GRAZED MY SKULL... MAYBE IT MADE ME SCARED!

RED'S FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER. WEEKS PASSED AND RED QUIT HIS OLD HAUNTS. HE BECAME A BOWERY BUM!

TEN

GEE FIFTY CENTS! CAN'T AFFORD THAT! BETTER SLEEP ON A PARK BENCH!

RED 50¢

WAR DECLARED

HITLER MARCHING

IN THE SPORTS PALACE IN BERLIN, A MADMAN BEGAN HIS RAVINGS

TODAY VE RULE CHERMANY! TOMORROW DER WHOLE WORLD!

THEN CAME SEPTEMBER 1939!! ALL THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE SAME HEADLINES...

A FINE END TO A PRIZE-FIGHTER WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CHAMP...

AND LISTENING IN AMERICA...

TIMES SQUARE

VE HAF NO ROOM FOR WEAK-LINGS!

YEAH! HITLER'S RIGHT!

DERE'S NO PLACE IN DER WORLD FOR COWARDS!

HEY, WHAT'S THAT, BUD? YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?

SO HITLER'S RIGHT HUH? WELL, HOW'S MY LEFT?

BUT... BUT I DIDN'T MEAN OOOH

WE DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK!

NAZI, EH?

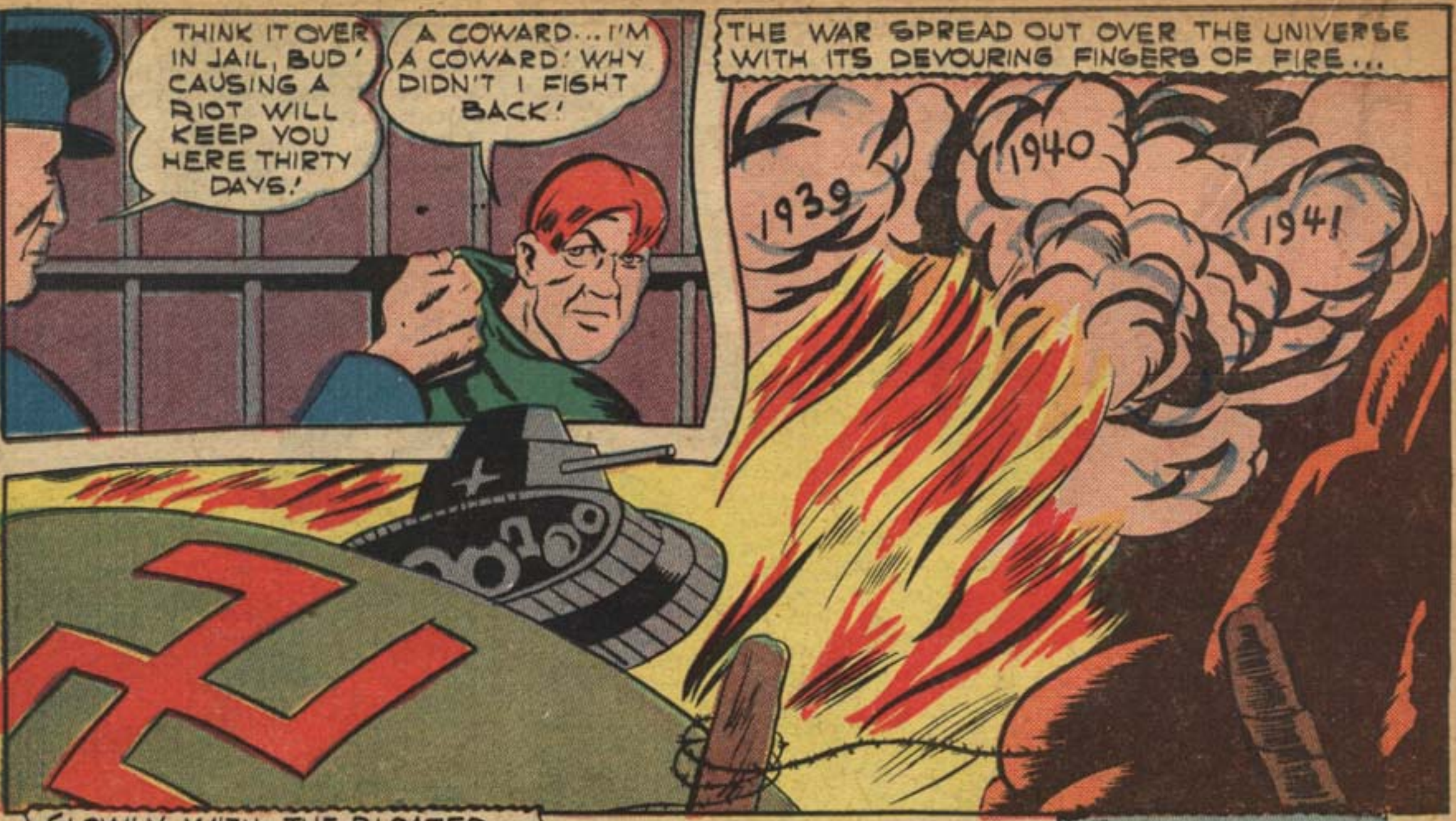
CRASH



THINK IT OVER IN JAIL, BUD' CAUSING A RIOT WILL KEEP YOU HERE THIRTY DAYS!

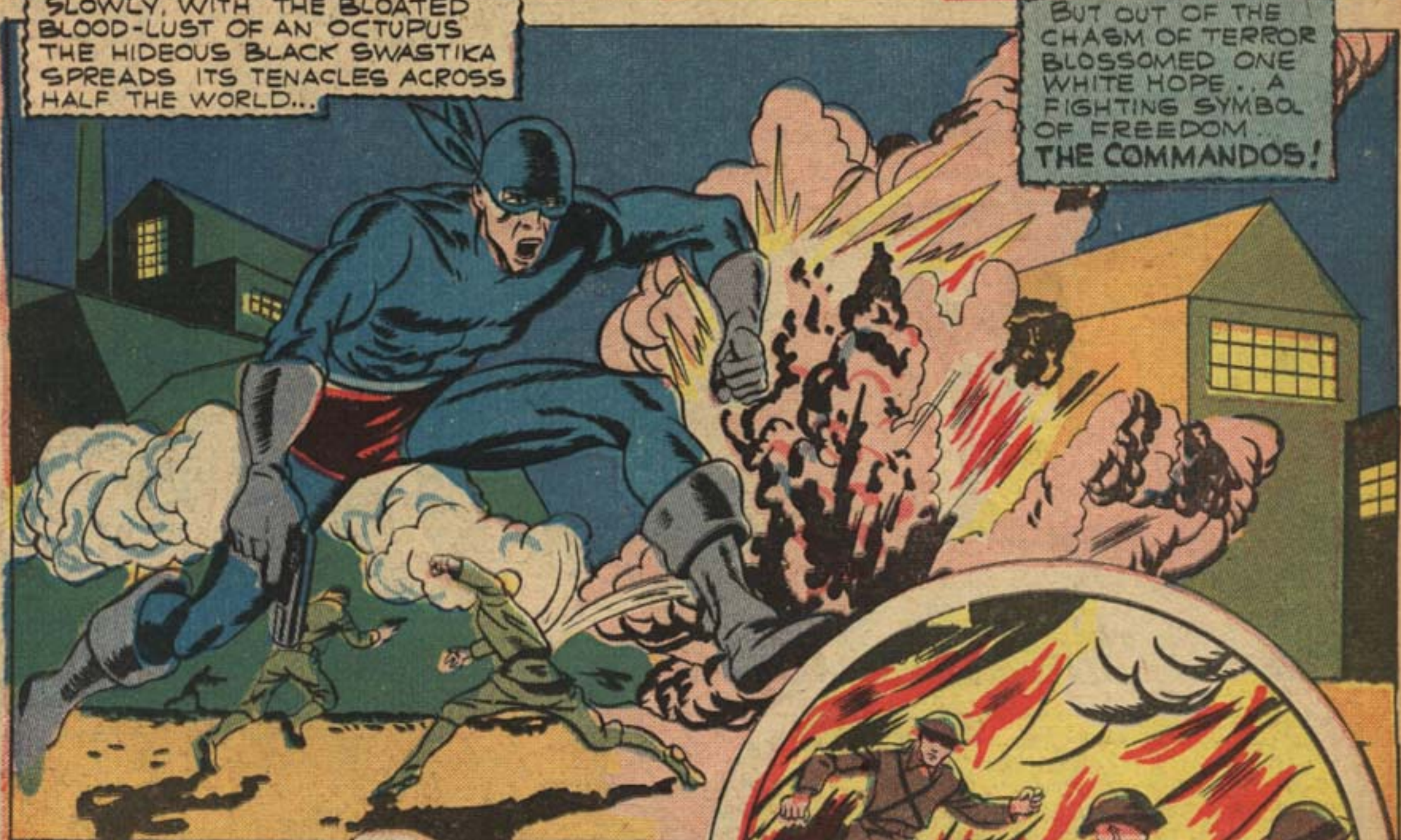
A COWARD... I'M A COWARD! WHY DIDN'T I FIGHT BACK!

THE WAR SPREAD OUT OVER THE UNIVERSE WITH ITS DEVOURING FINGERS OF FIRE...



SLOWLY, WITH THE BLOATED BLOOD-LUST OF AN OCTUPUS THE HIDEOUS BLACK SWASTIKA SPREADS ITS TENACLES ACROSS HALF THE WORLD...

BUT OUT OF THE CHASM OF TERROR BLOSSOMED ONE WHITE HOPE... A FIGHTING SYMBOL OF FREEDOM... THE COMMANDOS!



OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED! BACK TO THE BARGE, BOYS!

WHERE ARE THOSE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH DAMES I'VE HEARD ABOUT?

NEVER MIND TALKING! HURRY UP SO I CAN CAST THIS BOAT OFF!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE COMMANDOS REACH THEIR HOME BASE...



YIPPEE! HOME AGAIN WITH ALL THE...

COMFORTS OF HOME. OH BOY, SITTING DOWN! AND NOT IN A MUD-HOLE EITHER!



SUDDENLY... THE MAJOR WANTS TO SEE YOU, CAPT. COMMANDO!

OK! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



WHAT IS IT, MAJOR?

COME IN, COMMANDO, I HEAR YOUR LAST RAID WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL. I'M SORRY THAT I HAD TO DISTURB YOUR REST, BUT...



I'VE IMPORTANT NEWS... VERY IMPORTANT NEWS!

WHAT IS IT, SIR?



HERE'S THE SET-UP, CAPTAIN! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY! BZZ...BZZ...BZZ...

WHAT!... THIS...THIS... GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BOY, WHAT FUN WE'LL HAVE TONIGHT!

HURRY UP, CAP... WE'RE GOING TO PAINT THE TOWN RED!

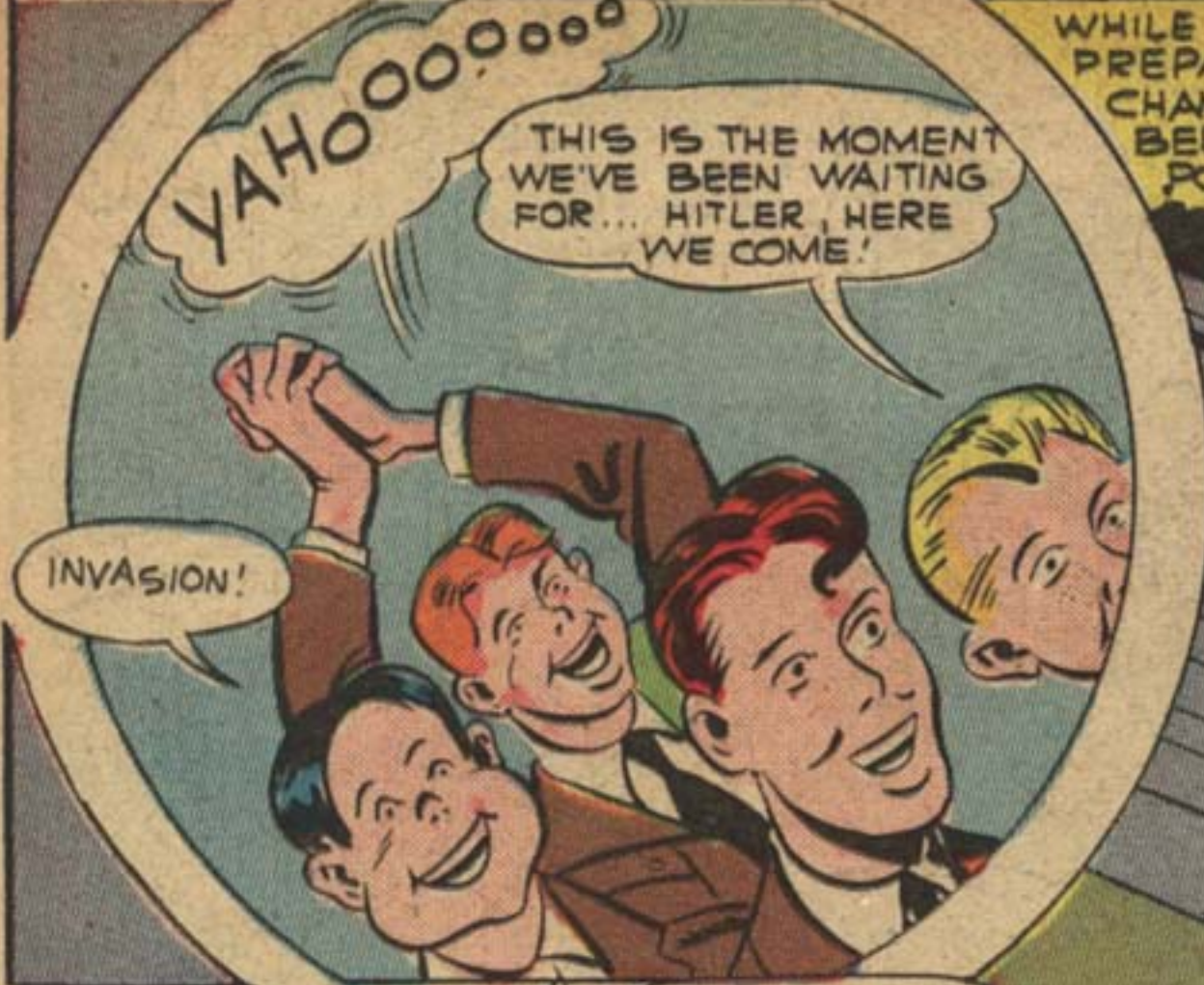
I'M SORRY, BOY'S BUT WE CAN'T GO TONIGHT... OUR LEAVE HAS BEEN CANCELLED!



AW GEE, THAT'S ASKING TOO MUCH! WHAT'S THE REASON?



YOU'D BE WILLING TO CANCEL MORE THAN YOUR LEAVE FOR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, MEN. IT'S HERE AT LAST. THE THING WE'VE PRAYED FOR! FOUGHT FOR... DIED FOR... INVASION!



YAHOOOOOO

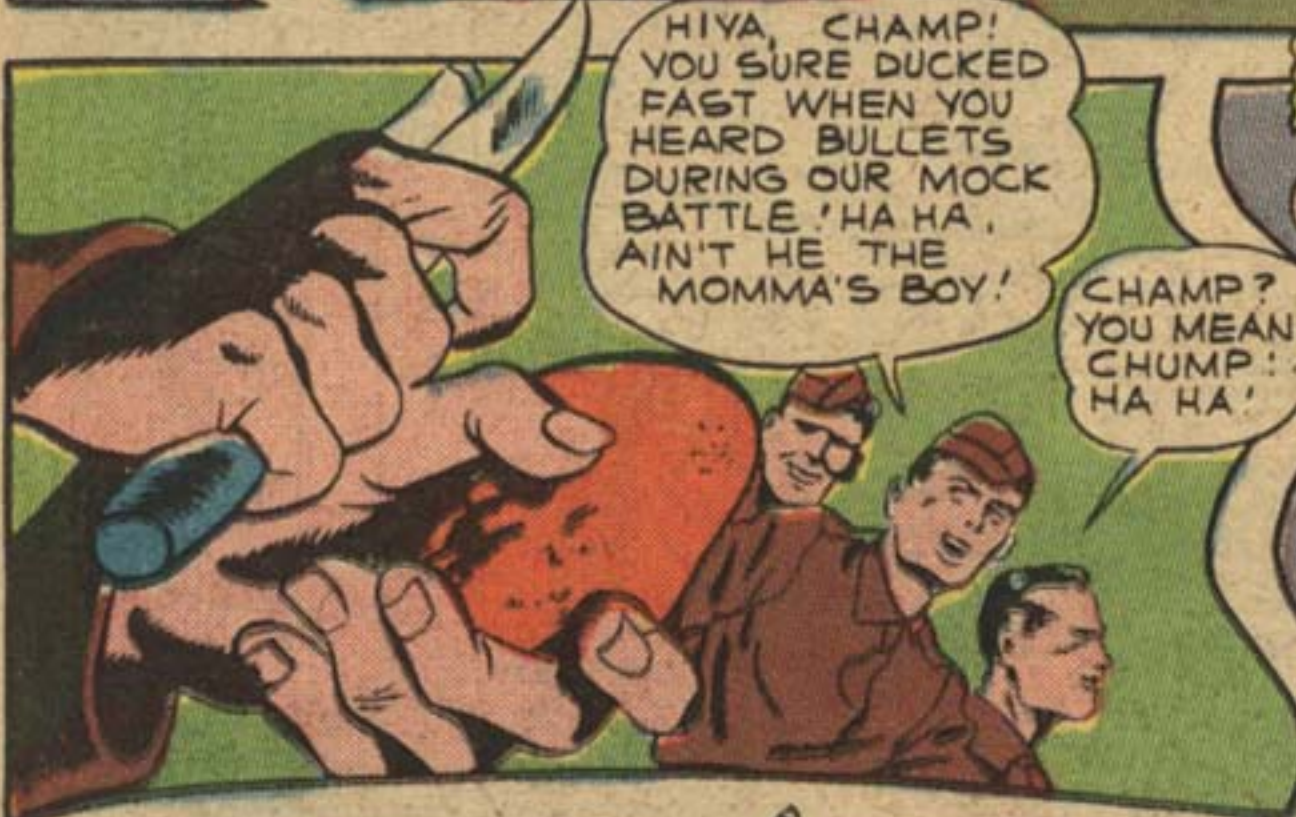
THIS IS THE MOMENT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR... HITLER, HERE WE COME!

INVASION!

WHILE CAPT. COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS PREPARE TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE, LET'S CHANGE THE SCENE TO A FIGURE WE'VE SEEN BEFORE... WELL, HE'S DOING K.P. (KITCHEN POLICE) DUTY...



KP, JUST BECAUSE I'M SCARED OF FIRING A RIFLE! AW, NUTS! I'LL NEVER BE ANY KIND OF CHAMP!



HIYA, CHAMP! YOU SURE DUCKED FAST WHEN YOU HEARD BULLETS DURING OUR MOCK BATTLE! HA HA, AIN'T HE THE MOMMA'S BOY!

CHAMP? YOU MEAN CHUMP! HA HA!

SUDDENLY ONE OF THE SOLDIERS PULLS OUT HIS PISTOL AND...

WATCH ME MAKE HIM RUN!



BANG

(GASP) I'M SCARED OF GUNS! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! (GASP)

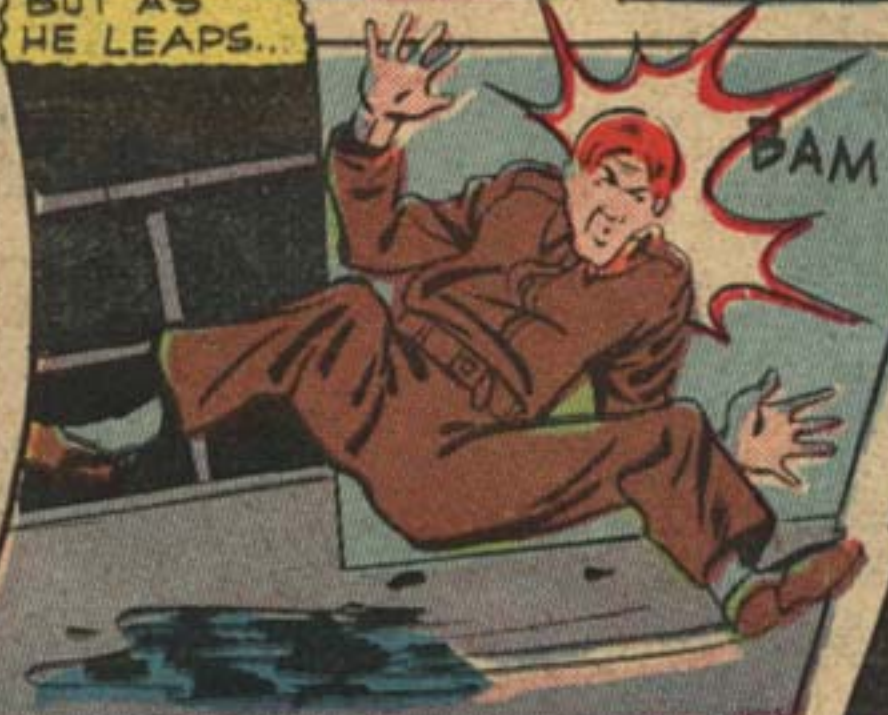


BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG



THIS BARGE WILL HIDE ME!

BUT AS HE LEAPS...



BAM

THAT NIGHT, CAPT. COMMANDO AND HIS MEN STEAM TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE IN THE INVASION BOAT...

SUDDENLY.

LOOK, A BODY!

WELL, I'LL BE IT'S RED BREWSTER! WHAT HAPPENED?

I ONLY REMEMBER GUNS GOING OFF!

HA HA! THE GREAT BIG MAN'S AFRAID OF POP PISTOLS!

A YELLOW CHAMP! HA, HA!

THANKS, BUT THOSE KIDS WERE CORRECT. I'M YELLOW ALL RIGHT!

CAPT. COMMANDO ENTERS...

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU BOYS! GO BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS!

THAT'S NO WAY FOR A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN TO TALK!

I WAS ONCE KICKED AROUND BECAUSE I WAS A WEAKLING, BUT I DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

I FORGOT ABOUT MY PUNY SELF AND THOUGHT OF HELPING OTHERS. EVER SINCE, I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO BE SORRY FOR MYSELF!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN - YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL BE CHAMP YET!

THE ENEMY'S COAST IS IN SIGHT... THE COMMANDOS LOAD THEIR AMMUNITION INTO A RUBBER BOAT...

HEY! CAN I COME ALONG WITH YOU FELLOWS?

WELL, ER, ALL RIGHT BUT MOVE QUIETLY!

EASY NOW! DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

WHEN THEY LAND...

GET THOSE SENTRIES!
THEN TO THE AIRPORT!

NOT BAD!

HOW YOU DOIN'?

HERE'S A SPECIAL FROM THE FUTURE CHAMP!

SUDDENLY...

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT...

HALT!

ONE OF THE SENTRIES GETS AWAY...

I'M SORRY MY TALK DIDN'T HELP YOU, RED! OOPS, FOR - GIVE ME FOR A MINUTE! ONE OF THE RATZIS IS GETTING PLAYFUL!

DER COMMANDOS! I MUST WARN DER CHIEF!

SPLAT

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG



YOU BLUNDERING FOOL... THE INVASION IS A FAILURE NOW!

I-I TRIED TO BE BRAVE, CAPTAIN- BUT IT'S NO USE! I... GUESS I'LL ALWAYS BE A COWARD!

MEANWHILE AT THE NAZI CAMP AT THE VITAL AIRPORT...

DER COMMANDOS ARE HERE!

DER FIRST INVASION, EH? CALL DER MEN TO ARMS!



REMEMBER VE MUST PROTECT DER AIRPORT. WIPE OUT DER COMMANDOS!

JAWOHL!

DUCK! HERE THEY COME!

AND THEN SUDDENLY...

ACH, DU LIEBER! AN ATTACK FROM DER LEFT FLANK!

SAY, WHERE'S RED? HE'S GONE!

FORGET HIM, BOYS! WE'VE PLENTY OF WORK TO DO!

BOOM BOOM

BUT WAIT! THE COMMANDOS AREN'T "OVER DERE". THEY'RE APPROACHING THE NOW DESERTED AIRPORT...

HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE GUNS? I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

HURRY UP! TAKE POSITIONS!

DER COMMANDOS MUST BE OVER DERE! ATTACK!



BUT THEN WHO'S FIRING AT THE NAZIS?..



COME ON, YOU NAZIS! I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE!

AGHHHH

.. IT'S RED BREWSTER!..



COME ON, YOU NAZI RATS! STEP UP AND GET YOUR RED HOT LEAD!

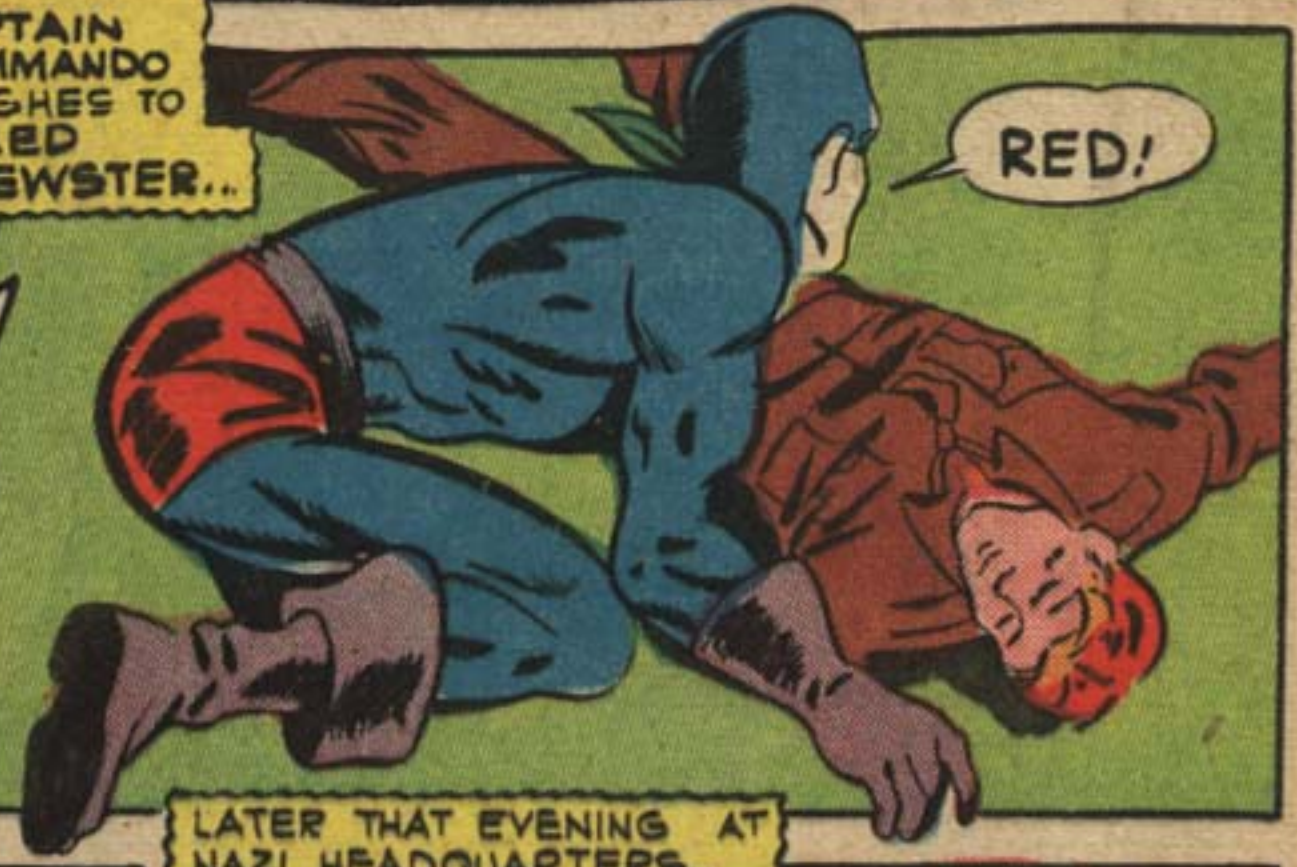
SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM!

SCHWEIN!

NO NAZI CAN LICK THE CHAMP!.. AAGGHHH!



CAPTAIN COMMANDO RUSHES TO RED BREWSTER!..



RED!

LATER THAT EVENING AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS!..



HE CAME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS. OUR INVASION WILL BE A SUCCESS



OUR FLEET'S BEEN BOMBED

WHAT? THE INVASION MUST HAVE STARTED WHY CAN'T WE COUNTER ATTACK FROM OUR AIRPORT

JAWOHL HERR COMMANDANT

I'D BETTER GET REINFORCEMENTS OR VERE SUNK DER !!!? * ~ * COMMANDOS



THE INVASION HAS STARTED...

COME ON, MEN!
LET'S GO!

FOLLOW-UP TROOPS POUR FROM SHIP TO SHORE AND THE ENEMY RETREATS BEFORE THE DELUGE...

LONDON TIMES
EXTRA
INVASION BEGUN!!!
COMMANDOS ESTABLISH BRIDGEHEAD! OUR FORCES FIRMLY ESTABLISHED!

WHILE BACK IN ENGLAND, THEIR TASK DONE, THE COMMANDOS STAND AROUND A LONE GRAVE... SILENTLY, CAPT. COMMANDO PLACES A WREATH ON THE MOUND...

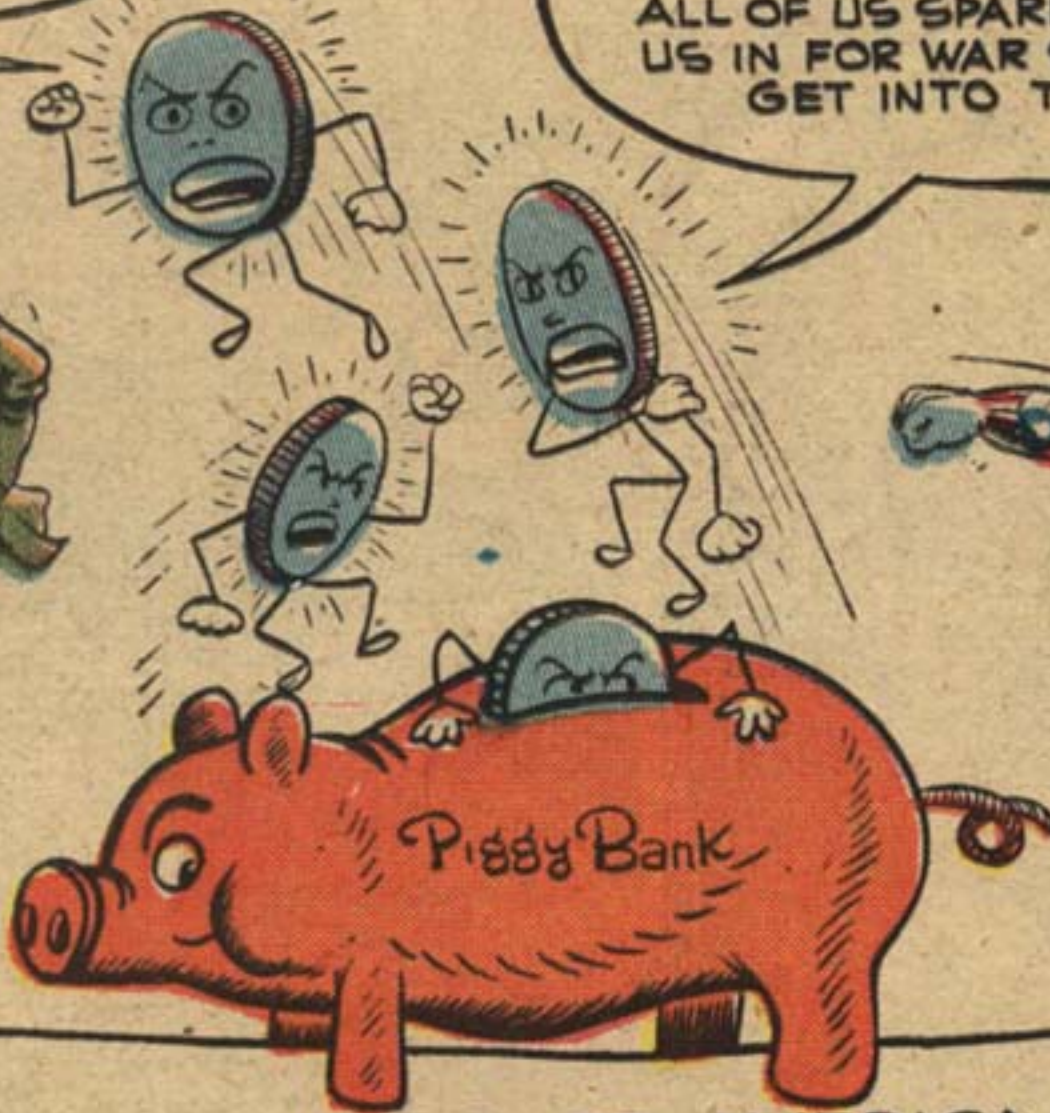
.....THE CHAMP!

RED BREWSTER



HEY, BOYS AND GIRLS! HOW ABOUT LETTING US GET INTO THIS FIGHT?

WE DIMES AND QUARTERS AND HALF DOLLARS CAN DO AS BIG A PART AS THE SHIELD AND DUSTY IN THIS WAR AGAINST THE JAPS AND NAZIS, IF YOU'LL ONLY LET US. DON'T KEEP US IMPRISONED IN YOUR PIGGY BANKS AND POCKETS! TAKE ALL OF US SPARE COINS AND TRADE US IN FOR WAR STAMPS! LET US GET INTO THE SCRAP!



YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

MEMBERSHIP LIST

SPECIAL MENTION

MIMI BLACK, 219 BALLOU COURT BALTIMORE, MD. HAS PURCHASED A \$25.25 WAR BOND. PRESTON RYAN, 1022 CENTRAL AVE., CHARLESTON, VA., HAS PURCHASED \$2.90 WORTH OF WAR STAMPS!

GOG

MARK S. ALLEN, HEREFORD, TEXAS, ROUTE 3
 MARY BARRON, 714 COLE AVE. POPLAR BLUFF, MO.
 WALLACE BAUER, DREXAL DR. ANDERSON, IND.
 FREDERICK BIGGS JR. BOX 314 LATTA, S.C.
 RAY BONDANZA, 2737 GOUGH, SAN FRANCISCO
 HOWARD BROWN, 203 FRASER ST. BAY CITY MICH.
 JOE CALABRESE, 1829 LEXINGTON AVE. N.Y.C.
 D.H. CASTILLE JR. 105 W. ST. PETER ST. N. IBERIA, LA.
 TERESA COBB, UNION, S. CAROLINA
 DAVID COFFEY, 514 LEE ST. BRISTOL, VA.
 VIRGINIA ENGEL, LAKE ANDES, S.C. CAROLINA
 FREDERICK FARR, BOX 144 WATAUGA, TENN.
 D. GILBERT 701 W. BUFFALO, RAWLINS, WYOMING
 ED GREEN III 1/2 W. 115TH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.
 LEON GROSIDIER, BOX 127, OVERTON, TEXAS
 HELEN HANKIN, 3505 VIRGINIA AVE. BALTIMORE
 BILLY HIGGINBOTHAM, BOX 134, GLASGOW, W.VA.
 JOYCE HOROWITZ, 808 ADEE, BRONX, N.Y.
 CALVIN HUCKABAY, P.O. BOX 84, BIENVILLE, LA.
 RICHARD HUFFMAN, 104 GREEN ST. CINCINNATI
 JAMES HULL, KANSAS AV. SPRINGDALE, ARK.
 LEONARD IHLE, ROUTE 4, BETHLEHEM, PA.
 ELAINE JACKSON, 1238 HAYDEN, E. CLEVELAND, O.
 ROBERT KAY, R.F.D. 1, THOMASTON, GEORGIA
 HOMER LAMBY, 807-37TH ST. GALVESTON, GA.

MAXINE LICHTMAN 1041 TIFFANY ST. BRONX, N.Y.
 MILTON MCDONALD, 1910 CONVERSE, E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.
 JOE MCKENNA, 194 W. SPENCER ST. PHILA. PA.
 MARG MCKENNA, 194 W. SPENCER ST. PHILA. PA.
 JOHN MANKOWSKI, 2351 E. CLEARFIELD, PHILA. PA.
 EDWARD MAPP, 413 W. 141 ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.
 ROBERT MINER, R.D. #2, ALLIANCE, OHIO
 JOHN MOORE, 209 3RD ST. PHILIPSBURG, PA.
 F. NICHOLSON, E. CAMBRIDGE, GREENWOOD, S.C.
 BILLY ORTH, 310 VILLA ESTA, MACON, GA.
 ANNA ORTWEIN, ROUTE 4, SIEDERSVILLE, PA.
 HARRY PAULINO, 1105 SEYMOUR DR. ASHTABULA, O.
 WALLACE PUTNAM, N. IPSWICH, N. HAMPSHIRE
 ROGER REA, 417 CATHERINE ST. MEDINA, N.Y.
 JEANNE SADLER, 620 YENABLE AV. BALTIMORE, MD.
 ROBERT SCHMIDT, R.D. #1, BOX 93, ALIQUIPPA, PA.
 RICHARD SCHUSTER, 1343 ORANGE, SANTA ANNA, CAL.
 CHARLES SEARS, 230 PETTEBONE, DURVEA, PENN.
 BLANCHE SINGER, 560 E. MAIN ST. ALLIANCE, OHIO
 ART STOUGH, 129 W. 16 ST. ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA
 GEORGE TEMP JR. 2716 DOWLING, N. MINNEAPOLIS
 ROBERT TRAGO, MCCARTNEY PO. MADERA, PA.
 M. TUMMINELLO, 311 W. 5TH ST. TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA
 RAPHAEL VASQUEZ, 1637 PARK AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.
 CHESTER VERCHUK, 214 PETTEBONE, DURVEA, PA.

JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A \$50.00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD, AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POSTCARD, AND SEND IT ALONG TO US, AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

FULL NAME (PRINT PLAINLY) _____
 ADDRESS { STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____



IN WONDERLAND



WE KNOW A FELLOW WHO WAS WALKING DOWN A DARK STREET ONE HALLOWEEN — WHEN SUDDENLY A PAIR OF BONY HANDS REACHED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND GRAB-BED HIM...AND HE WAS NEVER SEEN ANY MORE. WE KNOW ANOTHER FELLOW WHO WAS READING IN BED ONE HALLOWEEN — WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE BEGAN TO SCREAM ABOUT WITCHES. AND THEN BEFORE EVERYBODY'S EYES, HE DIS-APPEARED...AND NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIM SINCE... ARE YOU STILL SAFE? THEN WATCH YOUR STEP, READER — WATCH YOUR STEP. FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN ON HALLOWEEN...

"RED" HOLMDALE

NIGHT SETTLES OVER DEATH CASTLE, DEEP IN THE SWAMPS AT THE EDGE OF WONDERLAND...

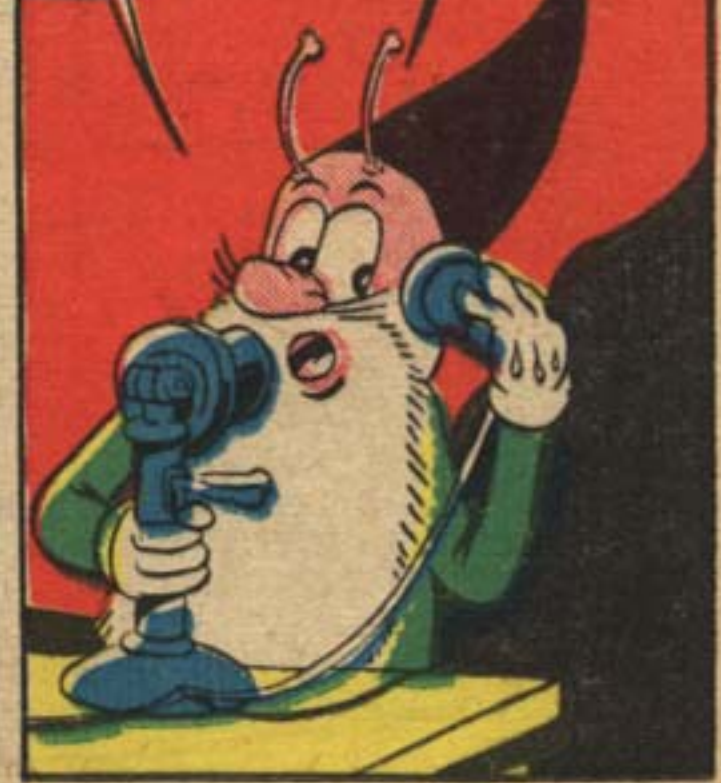
AND INSIDE...

THE TIME IS CLOSE! I'D BETTER PHONE THE CHIEF GOBLIN!

OH, DRAT IT! THERE GOES THE PHONE! JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING TO THE MOST EXCITING PART OF THE SHIELD STORY!

HELLO? HELLO? YES, GOBBO, CHIEF GOBLIN SPEAKING! OH HELLO, VERONICA!

WHAT? BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL MEET YOU IN AN HOUR!





I'VE GOT TO GET THE BOYS TOGETHER!



ONE HOUR LATER, THE GOBLINS AND VERONICA, THE WITCH, MEET ON BALD MOUNTAIN...

HALLOWE'EN WILL BE HERE VERY SOON, GOBLINS! ARE YOU READY?

ALL READY, VERONICA!



OKAY, THEN! LET'S GO TO TOWN!

HEY, WAIT! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. WE CAN'T GO YET!



WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?



IT'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE AND OUR UNION CARD SAYS WE CAN'T GO HAUNTIN' TILL TWELVE SHARP!



WELL, DON'T BE IMPATIENT, VERONICA! THERE'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO GO!



OKAY! TWELVE MIDNIGHT!



ARE YOU BOYS UP THERE READY TO GIVE US A MUSICAL SEND-OFF?



OKAY, GOBBO, HERE COMES OUR GENE KRUPA SPECIAL!



READY FOR ANOTHER THUNDER-BOLT, CAREWE?

HAND IT OVER, LANYON!



AND SO WITH A FAN FARE OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, THE WITCH AND GOBLINS TAKE OFF!

HEH, HEH, ARE WE GOING TO GIVE OUR FELLOW WONDERLANDERS SOMETHING TO SCREAM ABOUT!



REMEMBER! LOOK FOR A HOUSE WHICH HAS NO JACK O'LANTERN!



MEANWHILE AT A PARTY INSIDE ONE OF THE HOUSES, KUPPIE HAS BEEN ELECTED TO BE THE BLIND MAN IN A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF...

HEY, KUPPIE, HERE I AM, RIGHT NEXT TO YOU... TRY AND GET ME!

SUDDENLY A STRAY THUNDERBOLT HITS THE LIGHTING SYSTEM AND...



...OUT GO THE LIGHTS!



THE LIGHTS! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE!



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

JUST BE CALM, EVERYBODY - I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A LIGHT! JUST WAIT'LL I GET MY BLIND-FOLD OFF!

I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYONE WAS SO EXCITED - WHEN THERE WAS THIS CANDLE IN THE PUMPKIN IN THE WINDOW!



HOLY CATS! IS THAT WHERE YOU GOT THE CANDLE?

YES, WHY?

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE WITCHES AND GOBLINS CAN GET YOU IF YOU DON'T HAVE A LIGHTED JACK O' LANTERN IN YOUR WINDOW? QUICK! PUT IT BACK!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE...

WE CAN'T GET INTO ANY OF THESE HOUSES, VERONICA! THEY'VE ALL GOT JACK O' LANTERNS IN THE WINDOWS!



WHAT ABOUT THAT HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK? QUICK, CLIMB ON TOP OF THE CHIMNEY AND KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR DAWN!

ME - I'LL TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE IN THAT HOUSE. HEH, HEH, HEH... I'LL TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE ALL RIGHT!



AND BACK AT THE HOUSE...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, KUPPIE! JUST PUT THAT CANDLE BACK!

GEE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DANNY. I DIDN'T KNOW...



WHAT... LOOK OUT, KUPPIE! A WITCH!

WHICH WITCH?



KUPPIE!



OKAY, GOB, I'VE GOT ONE! BLOW YOUR HORN FOR YOUR GOBLINS TO RETURN HOME!



DOODLE DOODLE BRAAAACK JUMPIN' LIVE!!!

GEE, BUT I FEEL GOOD!
I THINK I'LL GIVE THE
GANG A COUPLE OF
EXTRA HOT LICKS!



ULP! I MUSTA
PUT TOO MUCH
EFFORT INTO MY
MUSIC...I'M...



FALLING!

ALICE!
LOOK!

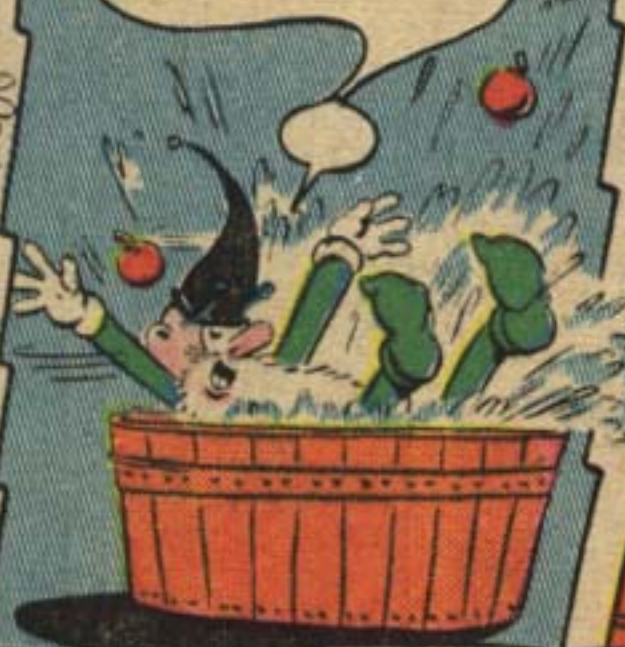
IT'S A
GOBLIN!



G.G.G.G.GOLLY!
I'M DIZZY!



WHAT? WHAT?
WHAT? WHAT?
WHAT WHAT?



HELP! I'M
DROWNING!
I CAN'T
SWIM!



OH, DANNY,
HE'S DROWN-
ING!

BY RIGHTS
WE SHOULD
LET HIM
DROWN, BUT
MAYBE HE CAN
HELP US FIND
KUPPIE!



WE'LL JUST HANG YOU
HERE TILL YOU DRY OUT!..AND
THEN YOU'D BETTER
TALK!



I'LL TALK! VERONICA,
THE WITCH HAS TAKEN
HIM TO DEATH CASTLE!

DEATH CASTLE,
EH? I'M GOING
THERE RIGHT NOW!

BUT,
DANNY, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



IMPOSSIBLE,
ALICE? WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

DEATH CASTLE'S WAY
PAST THE SWAMPS AT
THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN.
THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN
GET THERE IS BY
FLYING!



NOW THAT'S WHERE I CAN
HELP YOU! LET ME GO FREE
AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE
YOU CAN FIND THE FLYING
HORSE TO TAKE YOU TO
DEATH CASTLE!



HOW ABOUT IT, HUH? OKAY?
SWELL -LET ME DOWN AND
I'LL LEAD YOU TO HIS
GRAZING GROUNDS!



AND SO WITH **GOBBO**, THE
GOBLIN, TO GUIDE HIM,
DANNY SETS OUT IN
QUEST OF THE FLYING
HORSE...

HOW MUCH
FURTHER
IS IT?

JUST A
LITTLE BIT,
DANNY! WE'RE
ALMOST THERE
NOW!



AND THEN, AT LAST...

WELL, THERE HE IS! NOW TO GO ABOUT LASSOING HIM!



WAIT, LET ME DO IT, DANNY. I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT I HAVE A KNACK FOR THIS SORT OF THING!



SOON...

ULP! HALP! DANNY!

OH, OH! IT ISN'T WORKING OUT SO GOOD!



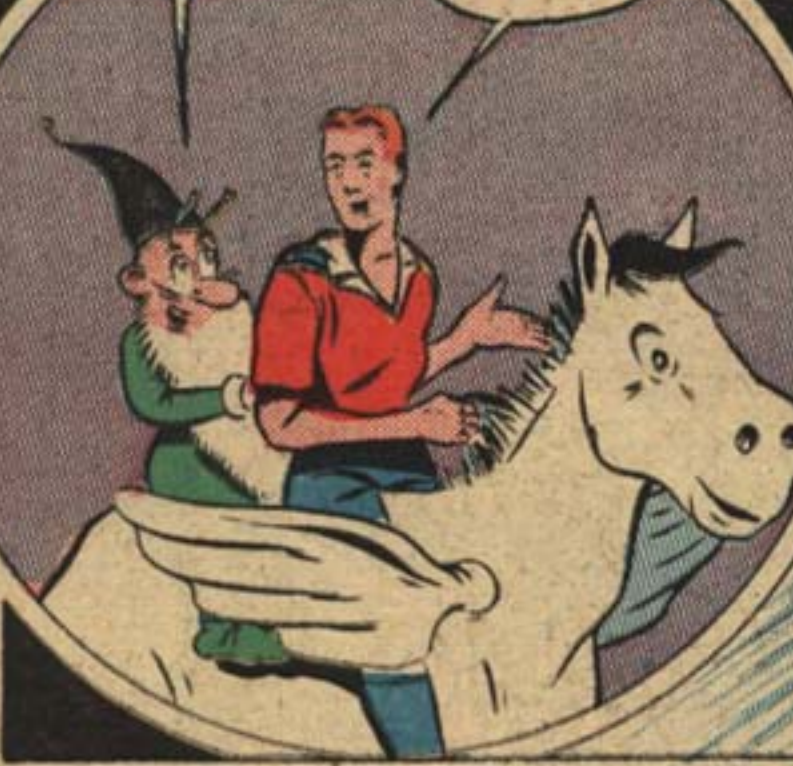
ALL RIGHT, GOBBO, RELAX! I'VE GOT HIM UNDER CONTROL!



DANNY AND GOBBO MOUNT THE HORSE, AND...

OKAY, DANNY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



... TURN AT THE RED STAR AND GO DUE WEST FOR FOUR MILES!

TURN AT RED STAR - DUE WEST FOUR MILES - RIGHT!



MEANWHILE AT THE WITCH'S CASTLE, KUPPIE IS PUT TO WORK IN THE KITCHEN...

ALL RIGHT, YOU - I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK FOR YOU!

B-BUT MY KNEES ARE KNOCKING TOGETHER SO MUCH I'M NOT FIT TO WORK, MISS WITCH!



START FILLING THIS SACK WITH FLOUR... AND IF I CATCH YOU STOPPING WORK FOR ONE MINUTE, I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HEAD! GET GOING!

Y-YES MAM!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

GUUG' GEE, IN A HOUSE THAT HAS AS MUCH MAGIC AS THIS ONE, THERE OUGHT TO BE AN EASIER WAY OF DOING THINGS!



LATER

GOLLY, THIS WORK IS TOO HARD I'M GONNA TRY AN EASIER WAY OF CARRYIN' THIS FLOUR!

THE WITCH HAS GONE TO SLEEP. I'LL JUST GRAB HER HAT AND TAKE A QUICK LOOK THROUGH THIS BOOK!

SOON AFTERWARDS

NOW - YOU BAGS OF FLOUR! YOU'RE GONNA WORK FOR ME!

ABRACADABRA SCIMOCPEP~ UP.. UP.. UP.. AND START MOVING!

SLOWLY, THE BAGS OF FLOUR RISE AND BEGIN TO MOVE FORWARD.

C'MON! C'MON! RIGHT THIS WAY!

THAT'S THE IDEA! RIGHT UP THESE STAIRS!

FOR ALMOST AN HOUR, THE BAGS OF FLOUR "WALK" TO THE BREAD VESSEL AND EMPTY THEMSELVES, AND THEN.

ALL RIGHT, FLOUR! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY!

I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! HOLY CATS! THEY'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!

G-GOSH, I'D BETTER C-CLOSE THIS DOOR AND KEEP 'EM OUT!

BUT THE BAGS OF FLOUR DUMP THEMSELVES THROUGH THE TRANSOM.

AND THEY KEEP COMING!

HOLY HERRING! WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW?

GEE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS!

MEANWHILE VERONICA AWAKENS...

MY HAT'S GONE AND SOME-ONE'S OPENED MY BOOK! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?



I'D BETTER DO SOME QUICK INVESTIGATING!

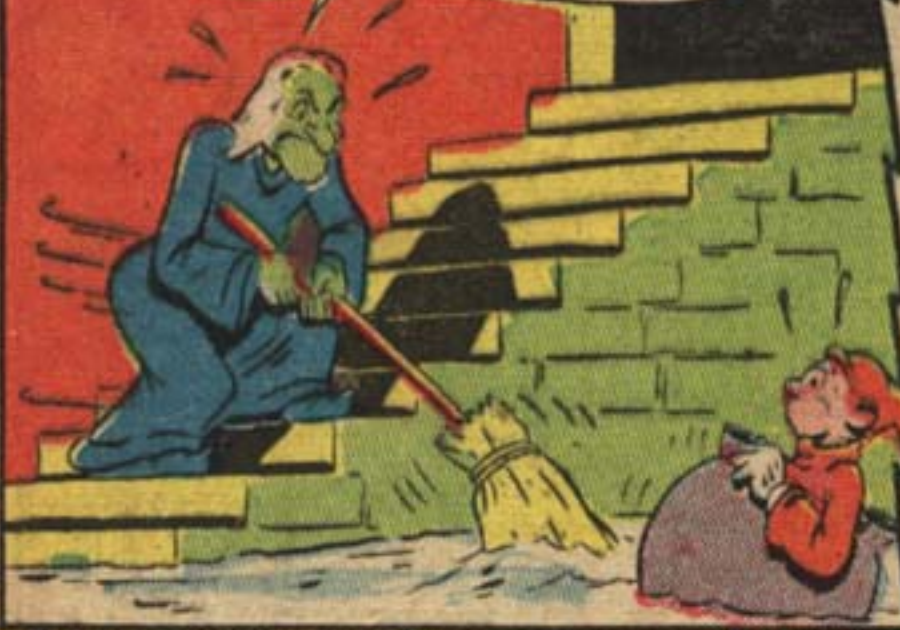


SO THAT'S IT, EH? WHY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL...



WITCH! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!... W-WILL YOU PLEASE STOP THESE BAGS OF FLOUR?

STOP 'EM, EH? YOU FOOL! YOU'VE CHOSEN THE ONE MAGIC TRICK WHICH CAN'T BE STOPPED. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



BUT...

ULK! THE *!!?&!!! BROOM'S STUCK IN THE DOUGH!



JUST THEN, DANNY AND GOBBO BURST THROUGH THE WINDOW



HERE Y'ARE, KUPPIE - GRAB THIS!

THANKS, DANNY! YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER!



AND THEN THE THREE FLY OUT OF THE WINDOW AGAIN...

OUR JOB ISN'T FINISHED YET, DANNY. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME THUNDERBOLTS FROM MY TERRITORY AND MAKE SURE THE FLOUR DOESN'T FLOOD THE VILLAGE DOWN BELOW!



OKAY, GOBBO! LEAD ON!

FINALLY...



YOU'VE GOT IT, GOBBO! SWELL! HAND IT HERE!

OKAY, DANNY!



LET 'ER GO!



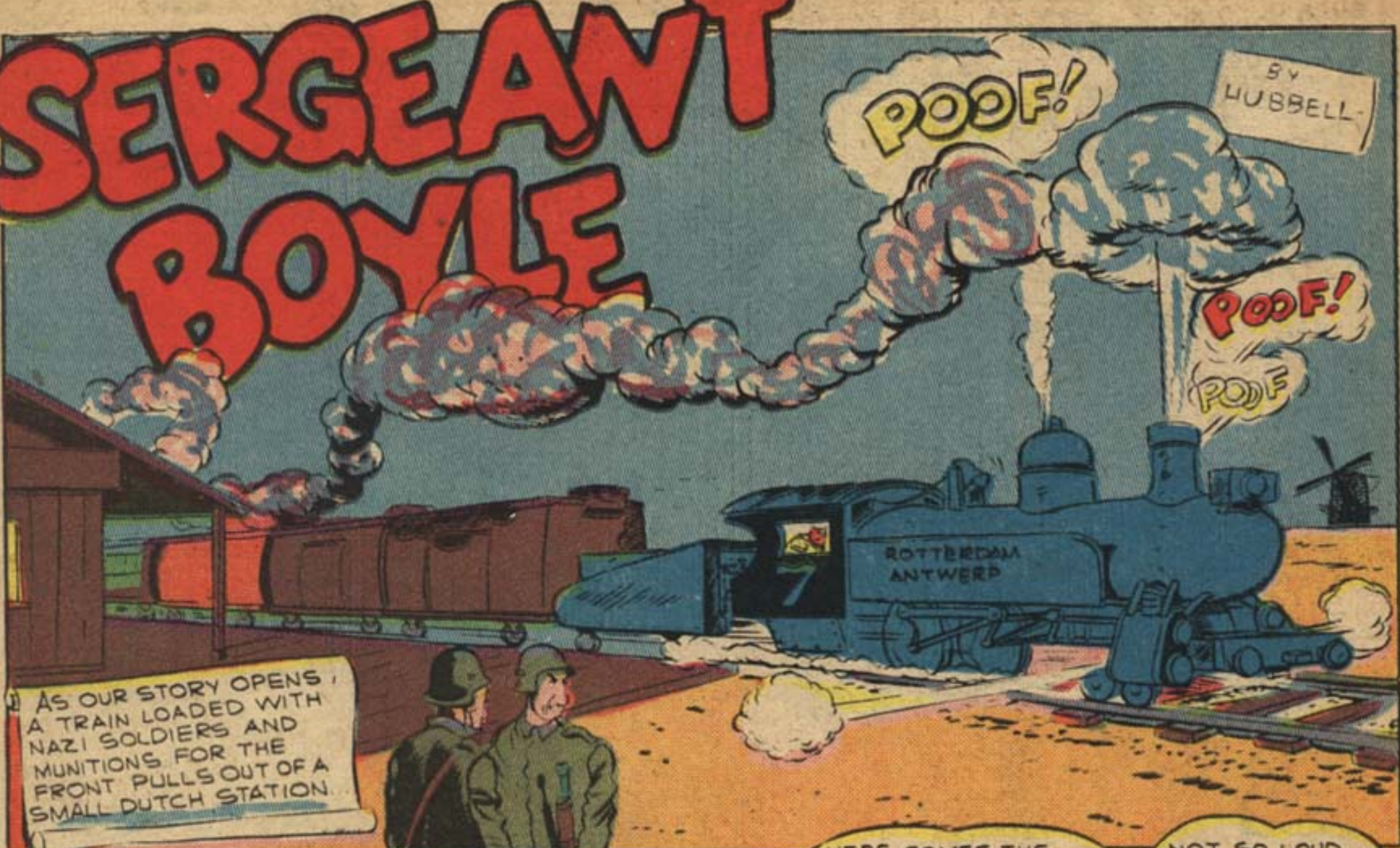
AND SO, READERS, IF YOU SHOULD EVER JOURNEY TO THE EDGE OF WONDERLAND AND SEE A GINGER-BREAD CASTLE ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN YOU'LL KNOW HOW IT CAME TO BE THERE!

MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH DANNY and KUPPIE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP Comics!!



SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



AS OUR STORY OPENS, A TRAIN LOADED WITH NAZI SOLDIERS AND MUNITIONS FOR THE FRONT PULLS OUT OF A SMALL DUTCH STATION.



.. 8-9-10 SOLDIERS O.K.



5-6-7..

HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR, TWERP! DON'T FORGET NOW, WE'RE IMPORTANT HUNGARIAN DIPLOMATS!



NOT SO LOUD, BOYLE! ONE OF THESE HEINIE SOLDIERS MIGHT WAKE UP!



WE'LL BE IN SCHEVENINGEN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. THEN WE CAN CONTACT THAT ENGLISH SPY WE'VE BEEN SENT FOR!

IT WOULD BE A LOT EASIER IF I KNEW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE HANGS OUT!



TICKETS! CREDENTIALS! HAND THEM OVER!

HERE THEY ARE! AND I SUGGEST YOU ADDRESS THE HUNGARIAN DIPLOMATIC STAFF A LITTLE MORE POLITELY!



HMM... YOUR PAPERS SEEM TO BE IN ORDER! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!

THIS TRAIN SURE IS LONG! WHERE'S HE TAKING US-UP TO THE ENGINE?



JUST A LITTLE FARTHER!

SO! DOT ISS BETTER, NO? YES!



BOY! A FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT UP FRONT ALL TO OURSELVES! I GUESS HE COULD SEE WE WERE BIG SHOTS, ALL RIGHT!



YEP! HE PUT US RIGHT BEHIND THE MUNITIONS CARS! IN CASE THE TRAIN GETS SABOTAGED WE'LL BE KILLED OUTRIGHT INSTEAD OF JUST BEING HORRIBLY MANGLED!



K-KILLED? OOHHH!

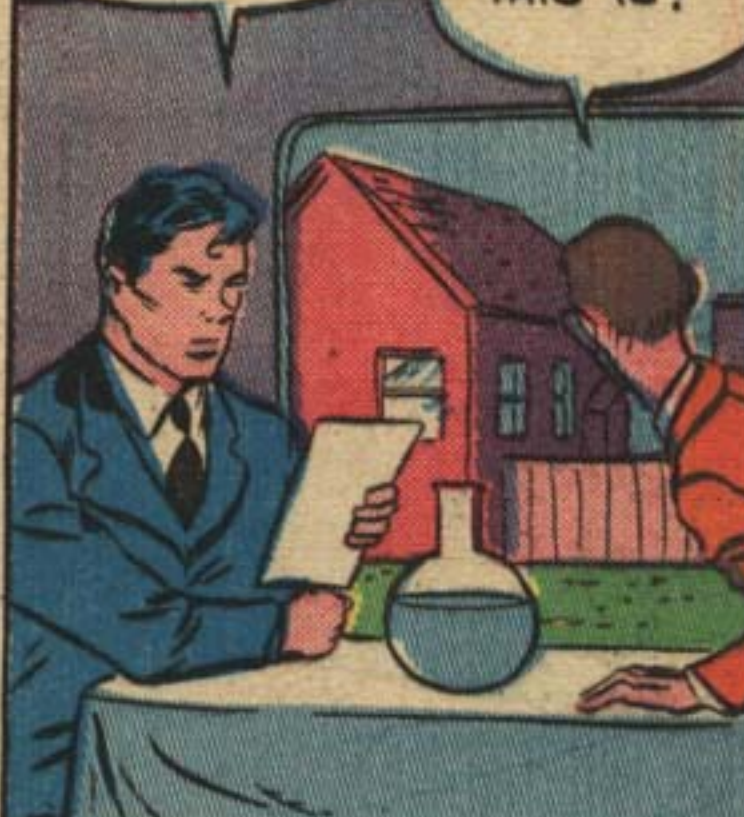
LATER...

THE TRAIN'S STOPPED AND IM STARVING! LET'S GO TO THE ONE-ARM JOINT OUTSIDE!



OWW! I STILL DON'T FEEL HUNGRY, SARGE! SUPPOSING WE GET WRECKED?

STOP WORRYING, WILL YOU? I'M SORRY I MENTIONED IT! LET'S EAT AND FORGET ABOUT IT!



WE'RE STOPPING! I WONDER WHAT TOWN THIS IS?

HALF AN HOUR LATER

WHAT A MEAL, SARGE! THESE DUTCH SURE CAN COOK!



DON'T BE DUMB! THIS WHOLE TOWN IS RUN BY THE HEINIES! SAY! WE'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME!

HOLY SMOKE! THERE GOES OUR TRAIN! DON'T LOOK NOW, TWERP, BUT WE SEEM TO BE STRANDED!



GOSH!! OUR MONEY! I LEFT IT IN THE COMPARTMENT! WE'RE BROKE!

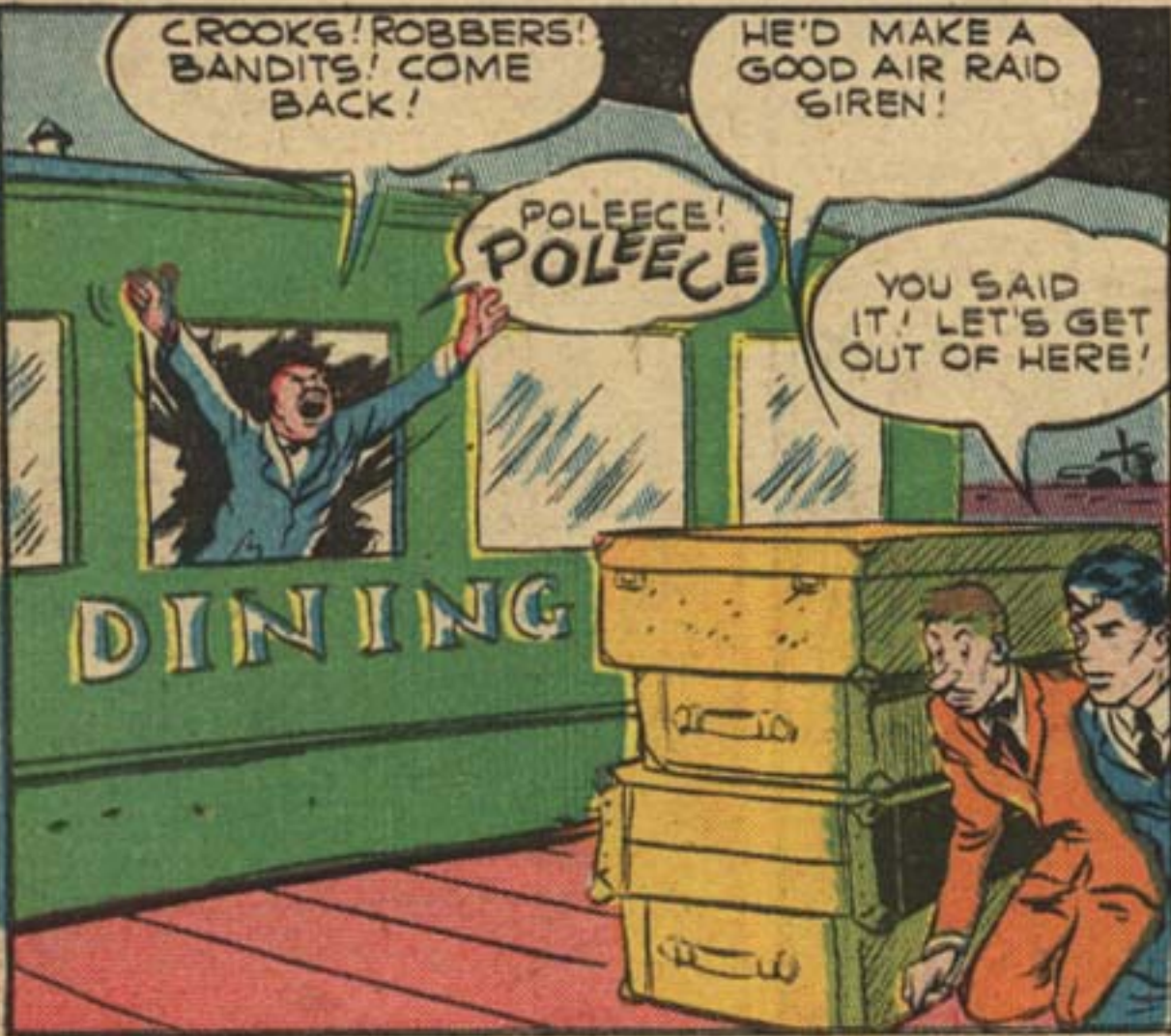
HOW ARE WE GONNA PAY FOR ALL THIS, SARGE? OLD PICKLEPUSS SEEMS TO BE GETTING IMPATIENT!

WE'LL HAVE TO STALL HIM OFF FOR A WHILE! ORDER SOME MORE COFFEE! MAYBE I CAN THINK UP A WAY OUT!



UGH! SARGE, ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE AN' I'LL BUST! BESIDES I DON'T LIKE COFFEE!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! OUT THE WINDOW QUICK!



CROOKS! ROBBERS! BANDITS! COME BACK!

HE'D MAKE A GOOD AIR RAID SIREN!

POLEECE!
POLEECE!

YOU SAID IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



OK, BY ME! BUT WHERE CAN WE HIDE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HIDE? WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO!



SURE! BUT IF THE GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS IN SCHEVENINGEN WE WON'T FIND HIM HERE IN THE HAGUE!

SHHH... THAT SOLDIER LOOKED PRETTY SUSPICIOUS! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME DIFFERENT DUDS!

BESIDES THIS TOWN IS TOO HEAVILY OCCUPIED TO SUIT ME!



WAIT UP, TWERP! HOW ABOUT GETTING OUR SUITS FROM THE TAILOR!

ARE YOU CRAZY? WE DON'T HAVE ANY SUITS IN THERE!



HURRY UP MIT OUR UNIFORMS! YE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!

HMM!

YAH, KAPITAN! COMING RIGHT UP!



I LET DEM DRY YET VUN MINUTE SO DE CREASE STAYS SHARP!

COME TO PAPA!



HIMMEL! DE ZOOTS! DEY AIN'T!

AFTER CHANGING INTO THE NAZI OUTFITS, BOYLE AND TWERP CONTINUE THROUGH THE TOWN...

NAZI FIRING SQUAD! KEEP BACK!

SEE, THEY'RE MARCHING THOSE HOSTAGES OUT TO BE SHOT!



VUN..TWO! VUN..TW-

SHH!

?



HE WAS A CINCH! BUT NOW WHAT?

SEE THAT EMPTY GARAGE UP AHEAD? WATCH!



SQUADS LEFT! MARCH! VUN...TWO... VUN...TWO...

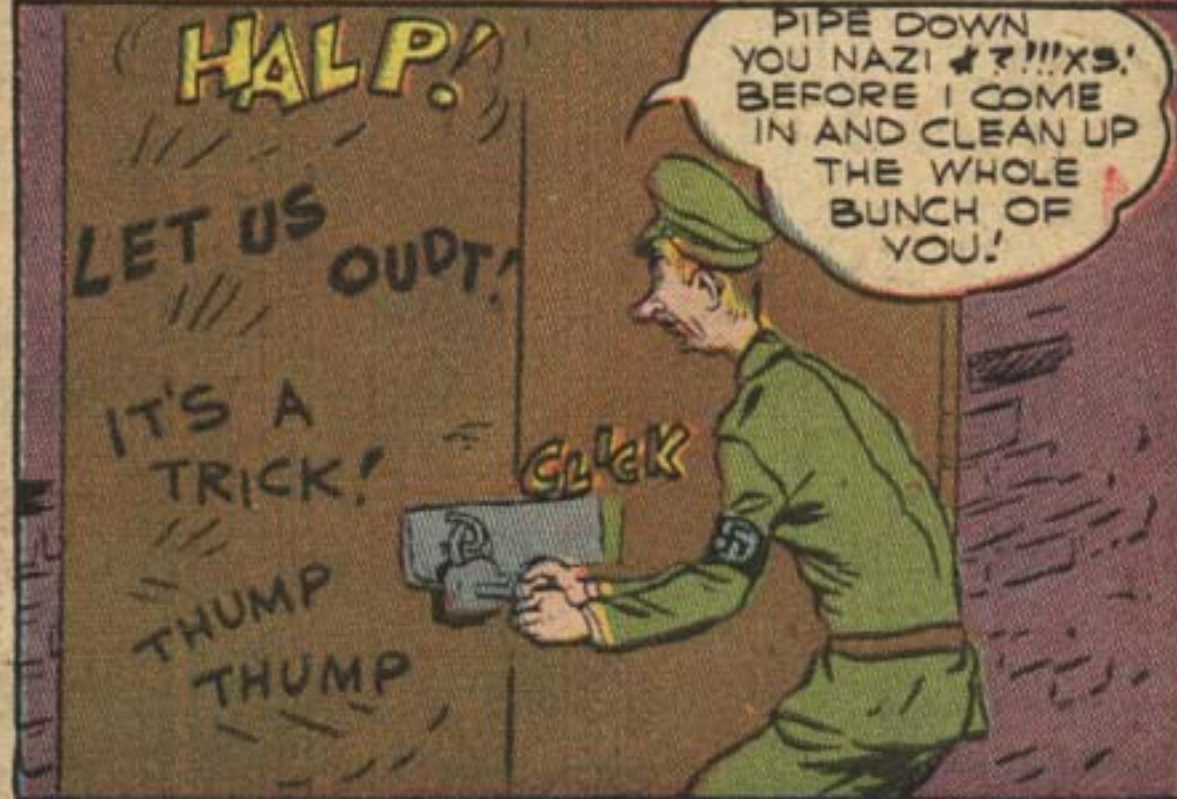


WASS IST?

?

SLAM!

?



HALP!

LET US OUT!

IT'S A TRICK!

THUMP THUMP

PIPE DOWN YOU NAZI... BEFORE I COME IN AND CLEAN UP THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU!

YOU GUYS BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN FAST! THEY WON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED!



DON'T WORRY! THEY WON'T SEE US FOR SMOKE! AND THANKS A MILLION!

THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, MISS! AND YOU'D BETTER WARN YOUR FAMILY TO BEAT IT BEFORE THEY GET ARRESTED TOO!



I-I HAVE NO FAMILY ANY MORE. I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT. PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP ME!



LOOK! DERE ARE DOSE GUYS AND THEY'RE VEARING OUR SUITS!



HEY! COME BACK MIT OUR UNIFORMS!

OH, OH! HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!



C'MON! WE'LL GIVE THOSE DODOS THE SLIP!



YOU BOYS GO ON! IF THEY CATCH YOU YOU'LL BE SHOT!

VAIT! STOP!

NOT A CHANCE! THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME ANYWAY!



QUICK! IN HERE!

MAYBE DEY VENT IN DERE! YOU GO SEE! I KEEP ON!



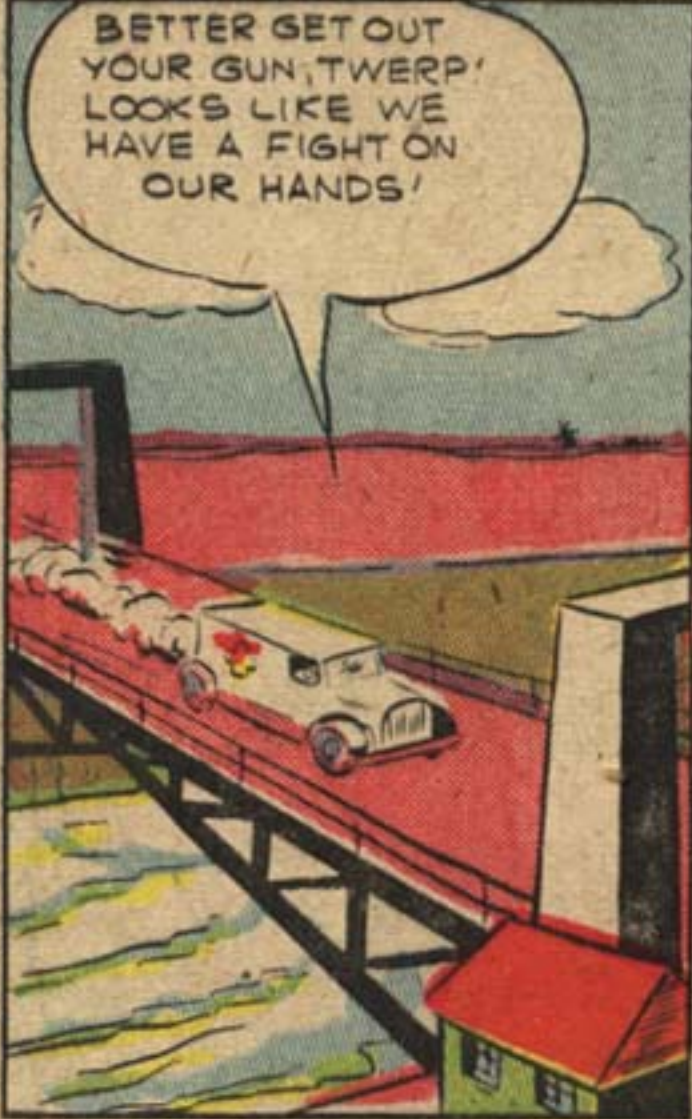
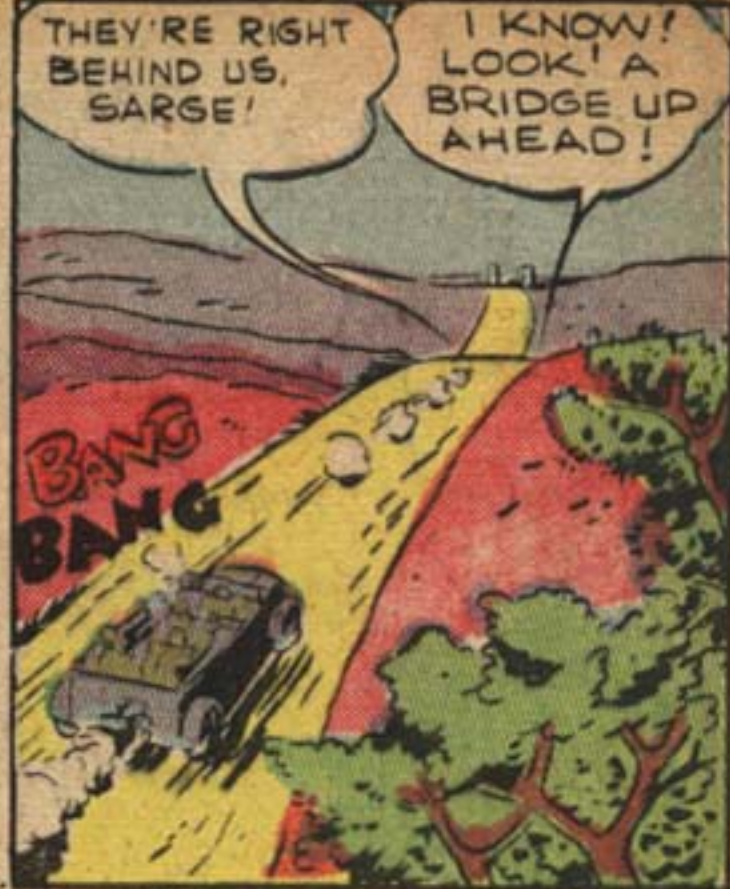
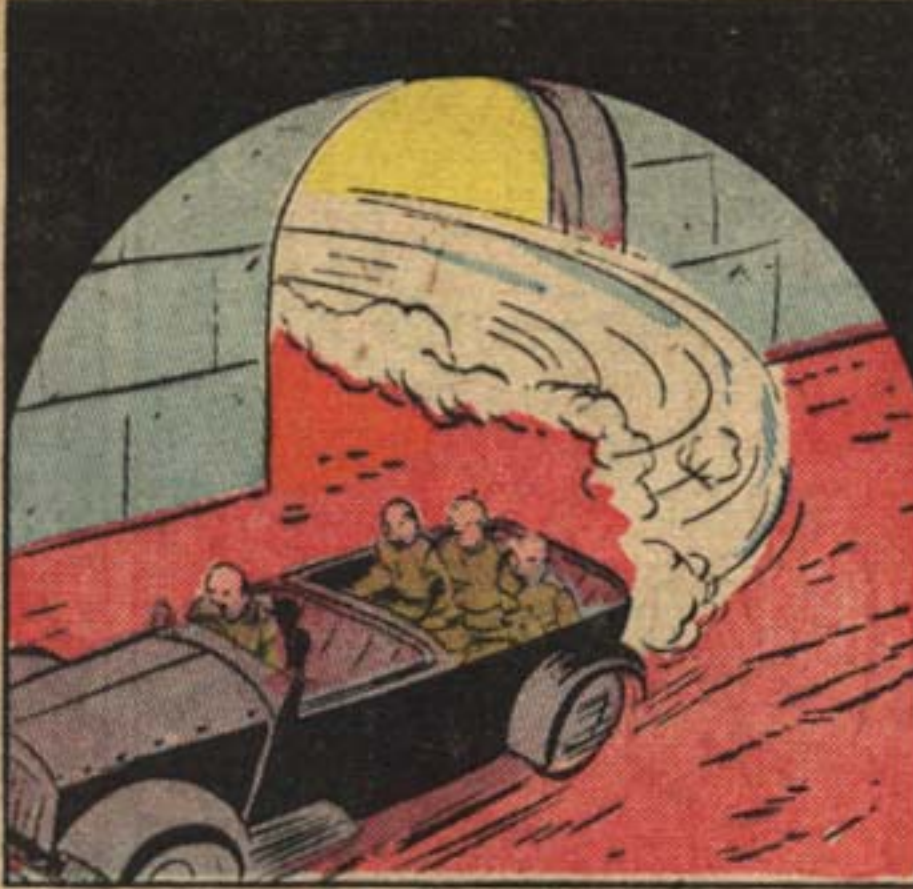
YAH! LOOK!

HAFF YOU SEEN TWO MEN IN UNIFORMS UND A GIRL IN HERE?



WHEW! JUST MADE IT! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST!



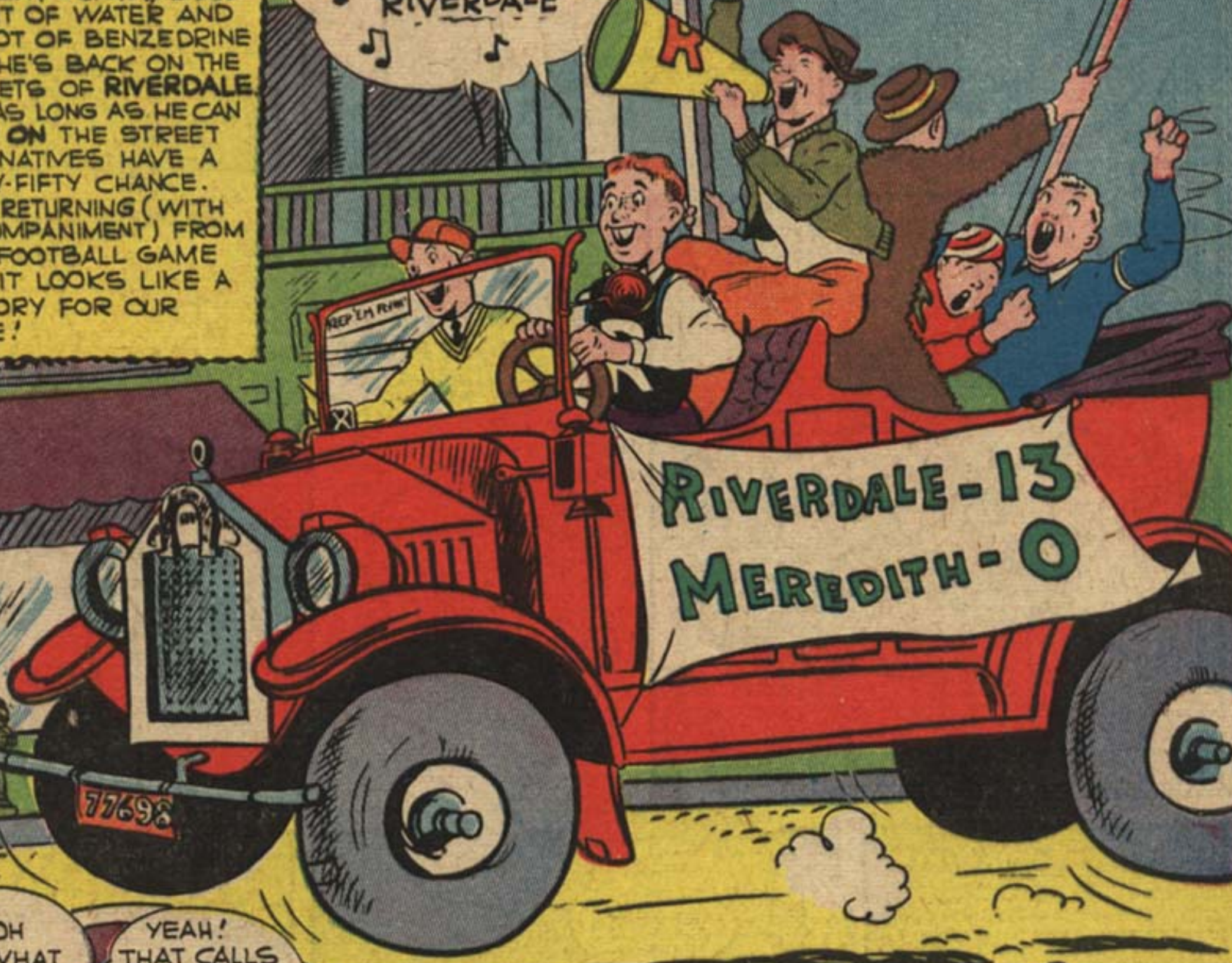


Archie

by Montana

GANGWAY! ARCHIE ANDREWS JUST GOT HIS ONE GALLON OF GAS RATION (X CARD), ADDED A PINT OF WATER AND A SHOT OF BENZEDRINE AND HE'S BACK ON THE STREETS OF RIVERDALE BUT AS LONG AS HE CAN STAY ON THE STREET THE NATVES HAVE A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE. HE'S RETURNING (WITH ACCOMPANIMENT) FROM THE FOOTBALL GAME AND IT LOOKS LIKE A VICTORY FOR OUR SIDE!

♫ STAND UP AND CHEER
CHEER LONG AND LOUD
FOR DEAR OLD
RIVERDALE



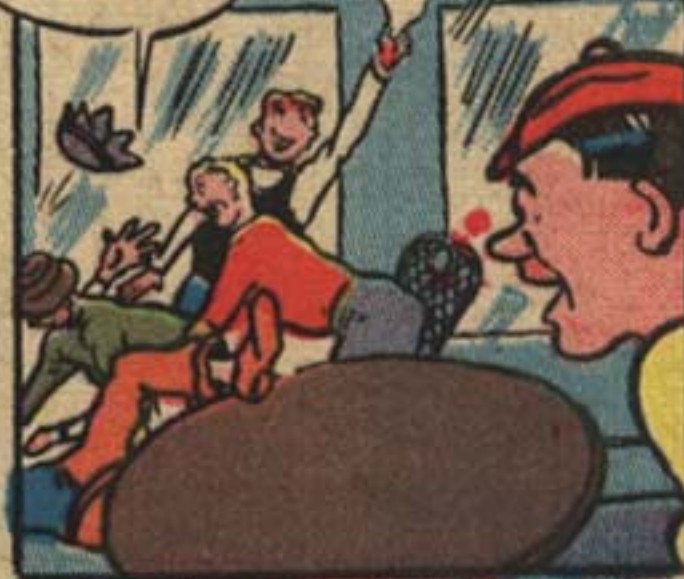
BOY OH BOY! WHAT A GAME!

YEAH! THAT CALLS FOR SODA! ORDER UP A DOUBLE-DOUBLE!

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE -- JUGHEAD! AN' HE'S GOT A LETTER -- COULDN'T BE FROM A GIRL, COULD IT - JUG?

HEY! CUT IT OUT, FELLAS! CUT IT OUT!

I'VE GOT IT!



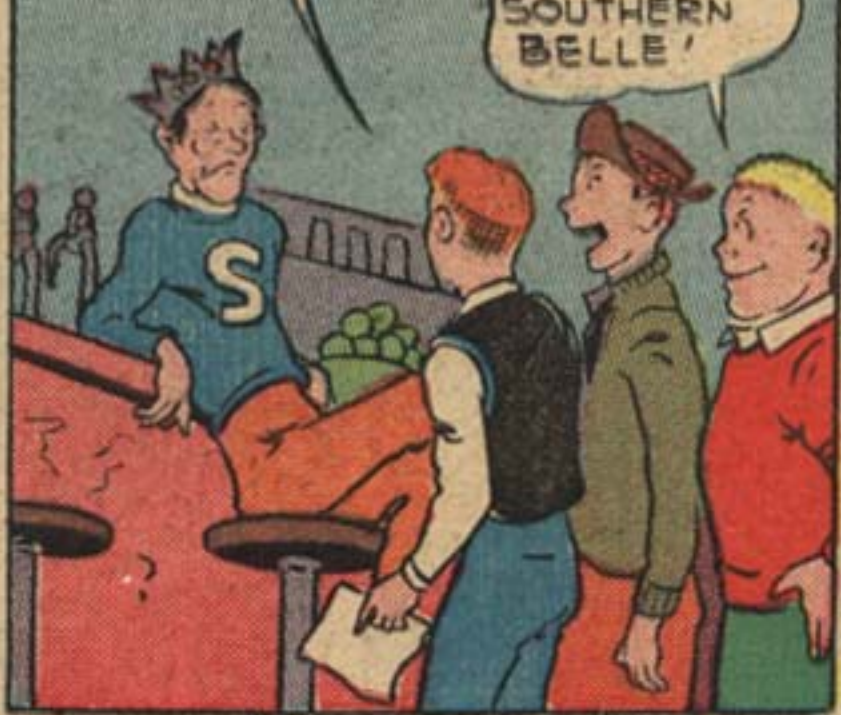
GET THIS, FELLAS!
 "DEAR COUSIN JUGHEAD,
 JUST A LINE TO LET YOU
 KNOW I ARRIVE MONDAY
 MORNING. IT WILL BE SO
 NICE TO SPEND A WEEK
 WITH YOU AND DEAR
 AUNTIE. LOTS OF LOVE
 AND KISSES' MARY
 ANN LEE"
 AND IT'S FROM RICHMOND,
 VIRGINIA!



HEY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A WOMAN-HATER, JUG-HEAD!

YEAH — HOW ABOUT GIVING US A CHANCE?

OH MAMA! A REAL SOUTHERN BELLE!



COME ON, JUG OLE PAL... I'LL GIVE YOU A SODA FOR A DATE!

ME TOO!

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO!

OKAY! IT'S A DEAL! THREE SODAS A PIECE!



HOT DOG I'VE GOT HER FIRST... MONDAY!

GO AHEAD, ARCHIE! PICK AN SEE WHAT NIGHT YOU DATE HER!



HMMMM!
 WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! SATURDAY!
 THAT'S THE NIGHT I HAVE A DATE TO TAKE BETTY TO THE PIER DANCE!



NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL

BETTY... I'M AWFULLY SORRY BUT MY GRAND-MOTHER IS COMING IN SATURDAY NIGHT FROM KOKOMO.. AND... I...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ARCHIE! GOODY WANTED TO TAKE ME ANYWAY!



AT LAST! MONDAY MORNING AND JUGHEAD'S WOOING COMMITTEE IS OFF TO THE TRAIN WITH PALPITATING HEARTS TO MEET VIRGINIA'S PRIDE AND JOY... MARY ANN LEE -



HERE SHE COMES!

OBOY! WHAT A HONEY! I'LL BET THAT'S HER!

NEW YORK



YOOHOO! COUSIN JUG-HEAD! HERE AH AM!



ERDALE



HONEST, FELLOWS, I DIDN'T KNOW SHE LOOKED LIKE THAT.. HONEST! BUT GEE WHIZ, NOW THAT SHE'S HERE, YOU CAN AT LEAST BE KIND TO HER!

YEAH? BE KIND TO ANIMALS WAS LAST WEEK!

BOY! WHAT A COW!

WELL AHM SOOO GLAD AH MET YO-ALL. AN' DON'T YOU DARE FO'GET AH DATES!

YEAH - OR I TELL BETTY ABOUT YOUR GRAND-MOTHER FROM KOKOMO!

GULP! OH WE'LL BE THERE, MARY ANN LEE!



TUES. WED. THURS. AND FRI.

AND SHE'S GOT THE PEACHIEST SOUTHERN DRAWL -

NOTHING DOING, ARCHIE... I'VE SEEN MARY ANN LEE!

WHAT!! SAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY PAL... TRYING TO UNLOAD THAT ON ME! IN THE FIRST PLACE I ALREADY HAVE A DATE SATURDAY NIGHT AND I'VE HEARD ABOUT MARY ANN LEE!



LISSEN, CHUM! YOU'RE TOO LATE... WILLIE AND EDDIE HAVE ALREADY BEEN HERE TRYING TO GET RID OF THEIR DATES WITH HER AND I'M NOT BLIND!

SAT NITE.

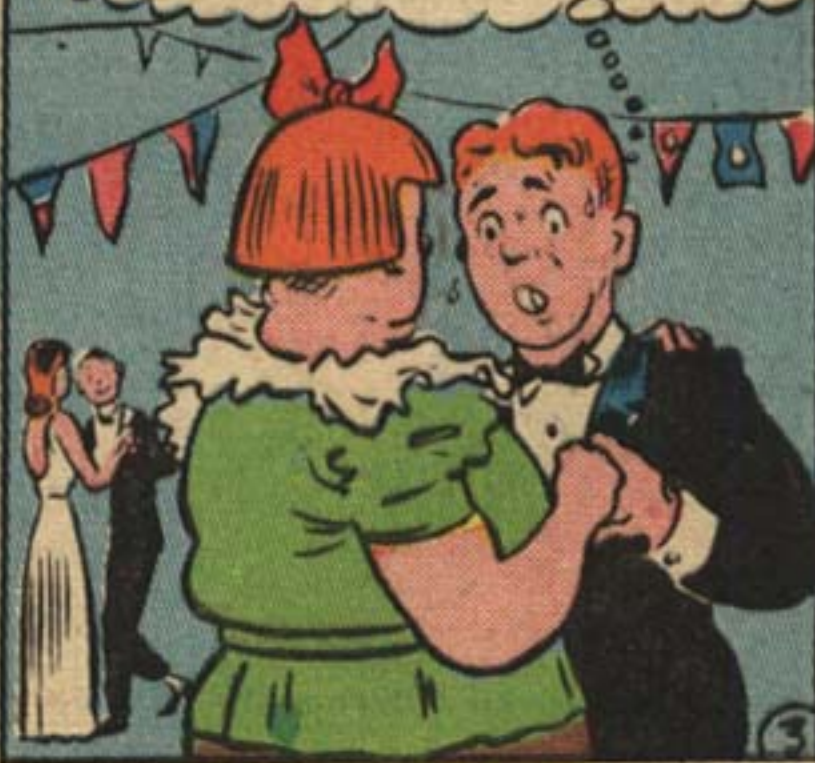
GEE, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU INSIST ON COMING HERE TONIGHT, MARY ANN LEE!

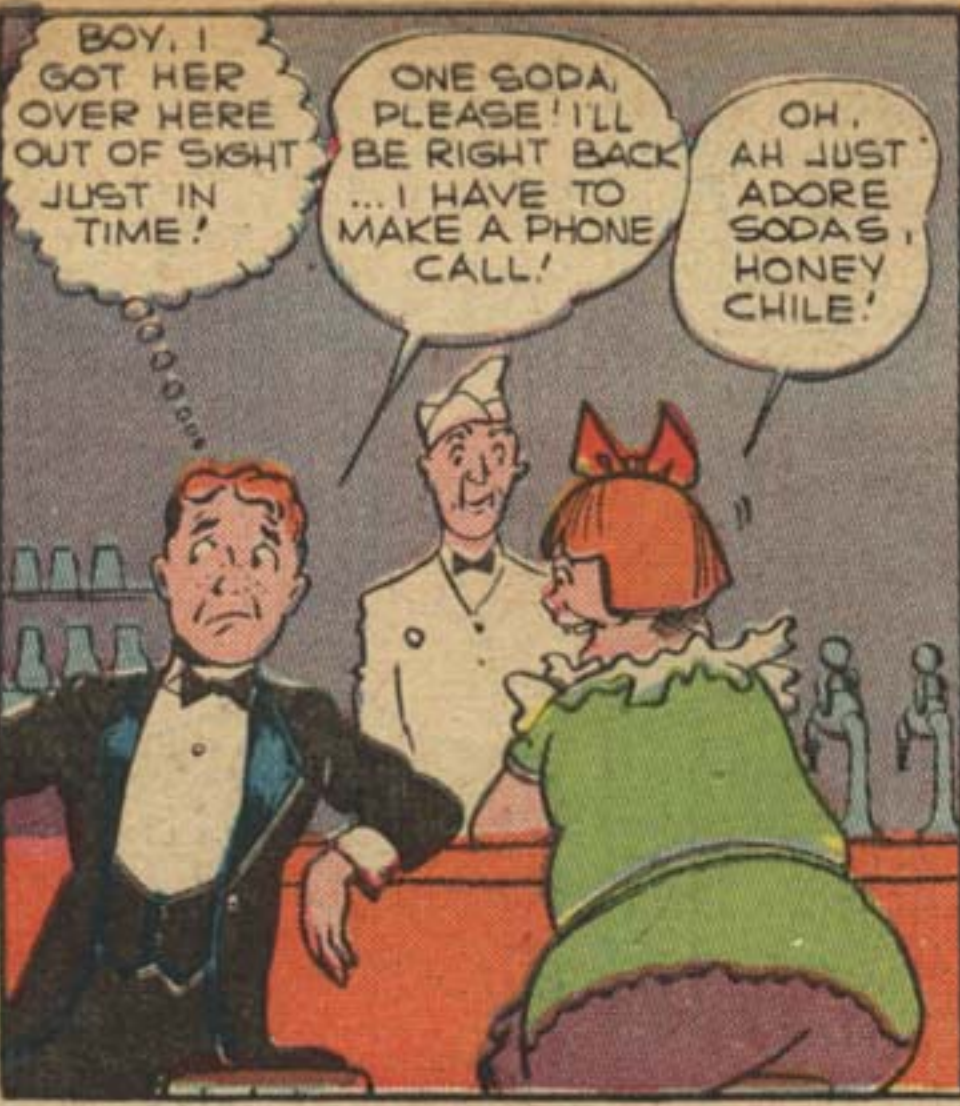
OH, AH JUST LOVE TO DANCE!

SHE WOULD! I'LL PROBABLY NEED A GROUND CREW TO HANDLE HER!



BETTY WILL BE HERE TONIGHT WITH GOODY, AND IF SHE SEES I BROKE OUR DATE TO PUSH THIS GLOBULAR GLAMOR GIRL AROUND, SHE'LL BE PLENTY SORE - OMIGOSH! HERE COMES BETTY NOW!





BOY, I GOT HER OVER HERE OUT OF SIGHT JUST IN TIME!

ONE SODA, PLEASE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK ... I HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!

OH, AH JUST ADORE SODAS, HONEY CHILE!

PHEW! ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES! NOW IF I CAN ONLY DIG UP SOME SUCKERS TO DANCE WITH HER!



HIYA, ARCHIE! HAVIN' FUN?

GULP! OH, HELLO, BETTY!



WELL, I'M BACK... GOOD GOSH! DID YOU DRINK ALL THOSE?

YA KNOW, HONEY CHILE, AH'M GETTING FULL ... OF SODAS! LE'S SWITCH TO ICE CREAM!

GEE WHIZ! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING CHEAPER THAN THIS!



COME ON, MARY ANN LEE, I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A SPEED BOAT RIDE!



TAKE A 10 MILE SPEED BOAT RIDE - HERE! GOING RIGHT OUT! AHM ... I THINK YOUR GIRL FRIEND BETTER SIT UP HERE, 'BUD! IN THE MIDDLE!



OKAY, JOE! SHOVE OFF!



HONEY CHILE! HONEY CHILE! COME BACK!

39812

PRURRUUPH-PUT-PUT



SO LONG, MARY ANN LEE! HAVE A NICE RIDE!



NOW TO GET BETTY AWAY FROM THAT WOLF GOODY!



OKAY, GOODY, BREAK!

HUH? OH... IT'S YOU! ALL RIGHT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FRACTURE MY COLLAR BONE!



WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU HERE, ARCHIE! WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?

"GULP" MY PARTNER?



OH! THERE SHE IS 'OVER THERE BY THAT POST!

MY, MY! GRANDMA MUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF HERSELF OUT IN KOKOMO!



SPEED BOAT RETURNING HERE! READY FOR NEXT RIDE!



ER... EXCUSE ME, BETTY! I--I--JUST REMEMBERED. I HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL!



HOLY COW! THAT WAS MY LAST FIFTEEN CENTS! HOW WILL I TAKE THIS SODA SUZZLER HOME?



I HATE TO DO THIS -- BUT...

SAY, GOODY... COULD YOU LEND ME A BUCK TO TAKE MY GIRL HOME?

WHY, YOU CAN RIDE HOME WITH US, ARCHIE! THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE RUMBLE SEAT!



OH NO!
I CAN'T... ER...
I MEAN I
WOULDN'T
WANT TO PUT
YOU TWO OUT.
THANKS
JUST THE
SAME, BUT...

WHAT'S
THIS? YOU
CAN'T DO
WHAT,
ARCHIE?



ARCHIE
WANTS TO
RIDE HOME
WITH US,
BETTY!

?

OH FINE!
WE'LL MEET
YOU OUT
FRONT IN
THE CAR!



HEY, ARCHIE!
OVER HERE
COME ON!

OOOOH!
WHAT'LL I DO
NOW? THERE'S
THE GIRL I TOLD
BETTY WAS MY
PARTNER!



COME ON!
AREN'T YOU
GONNA BRING
YOUR GIRL?

OH HER?
AH... SHE...
LIVES HERE!



WELL, AREN'T YOU
GOING TO SAY GOOD-
NIGHT...OR EVEN
KISS HER, ARCHIE?

OH SURE,
YOU KNOW
ME... HEH
HEH!



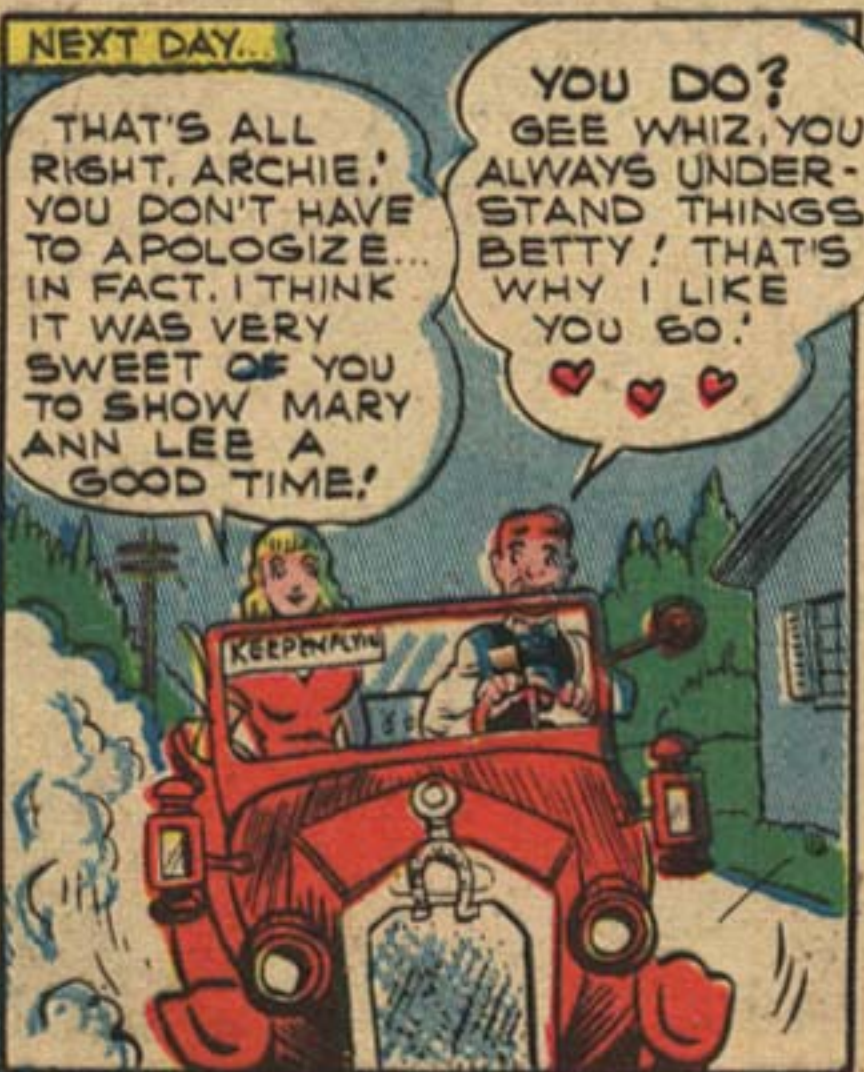
FRESH!

SLAP

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA



HERE AH COME,
HONEY CHILE!



THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, ARCHIE!
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO APOLOGIZE...
IN FACT, I THINK
IT WAS VERY
SWEET OF YOU
TO SHOW MARY
ANN LEE A
GOOD TIME!

YOU DO?
GEE WHIZ, YOU
ALWAYS UNDER-
STAND THINGS,
BETTY! THAT'S
WHY I LIKE
YOU SO!
♥ ♥ ♥



I LIKE
YOU TOO -
HONEY
CHILE!

'EM FLYIN'

WELL, ARCHIE LEARNED HIS LESSON ABOUT CORNFED SOUTHERN GALS! WE'LL BET HE WON'T EVEN EAT SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN NOW... AND SPEAKING OF CHICKENS -- REMEMBER VERONICA LODGE? (WHO COULD FORGET HER?) WELL, FOR SOME REAL FUN WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE INVITES ARCHIE TO NEW YORK OVER THE CHRISTMAS VACATION! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS! ARCHIE ALSO APPEARS IN JACKPOT COMICS!

RAWLEY

Scotland Yard

Dr. Fricke

Penelope Grove

Stark The Butler

Derek Maltrby

Baronet Grove

TERROR IS ETCHED ACROSS YOUNG ROGER GROVE'S FACE! IS IT A NIGHTMARE? OR IS IT MURDER? MALEVOLENT AND HORRIBLE IS THE ECHOING CHUCKLE OF THE GRIM REAPER, DEATH... AS IT HOVERS OVER HEARTHSTONE MANOR, SLOWLY IT CLAIMS VICTIM AFTER VICTIM IN THE UNPARALLELED CASE OF THE LIGHT THAT LIVES!

AWAKENED BY THE SCREAMS OF HIS SON, BARONET GROVE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM...

ROGER! ROGER - WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SPEAK, SON!

TH-THE LIGHT THAT LIVES!... AAAARGH!

RAWLEY

AT THAT HORRIBLE MOMENT, ROGER'S SISTER PENELOPE ENTERS

I WARNED YOUR BROTHER, PENELOPE, THAT HIS INCESSANT DRINKING WOULD LEAD TO HALLUCINATIONS! ROGER WAS MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT A LIGHT!

BUT FATHER...AREN'T YOU...CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS? CALL THE POLICE OR SOMETHING?

YOU KNOW I HAD NO USE FOR YOUR BROTHER WHILE HE WAS ALIVE...SO I SHAN'T TROUBLE MYSELF ABOUT HIM NOW THAT HE'S DEAD!



MINUTES LATER...

GUESS I CAN'T BLAME FATHER, BUT...I'LL GO TO INSPECTOR BENTLEY, AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS!

EXCUSE ME, MR. BENTLEY, BUT I'VE READ ABOUT ALL THE EXTRA-ORDINARY CASES YOU'VE SOLVED! PLEASE HELP ME!

SO YOU'RE PENELOPE GROVE, EH?

YES, AND THAT'S MY STORY! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE MOTHER DIED!



THEN INSIDE HEARTHSTONE MANOR...



POOR FATHER! HE WAS SO DISAPPOINTED IN ROGER, BUT I MUST KNOW WHO'S THREATENING OUR LIVES!

I'M RELYING ON YOU, PENELOPE, TO INTRODUCE ME TO EVERYONE AT YOUR HOUSE!

STARTING OVER HERE IS STARK OUR BUTLER

AND BESIDE HIM MY FATHER, BARONET GROVE!

AND NEXT TO ME IS DEREK MALLSBY, MY COUGIN!

THIS IS DR. FRAKE, MY UNCLE..





I WANT TO SEE THE BODY, STARK! SHOW IT TO ME!

RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR!



THERE'S YOUNG MASTER ROGER, SIR! POOR LAD! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME - I HAVE ..ER.. SOMETHING TO ATTEND TO.. ER.. IN THE PANTRY SIR!

THAT NIGHT AFTER EVERYONE RETIRES BENTLEY PACES HIS ROOM... UNABLE TO SLEEP..

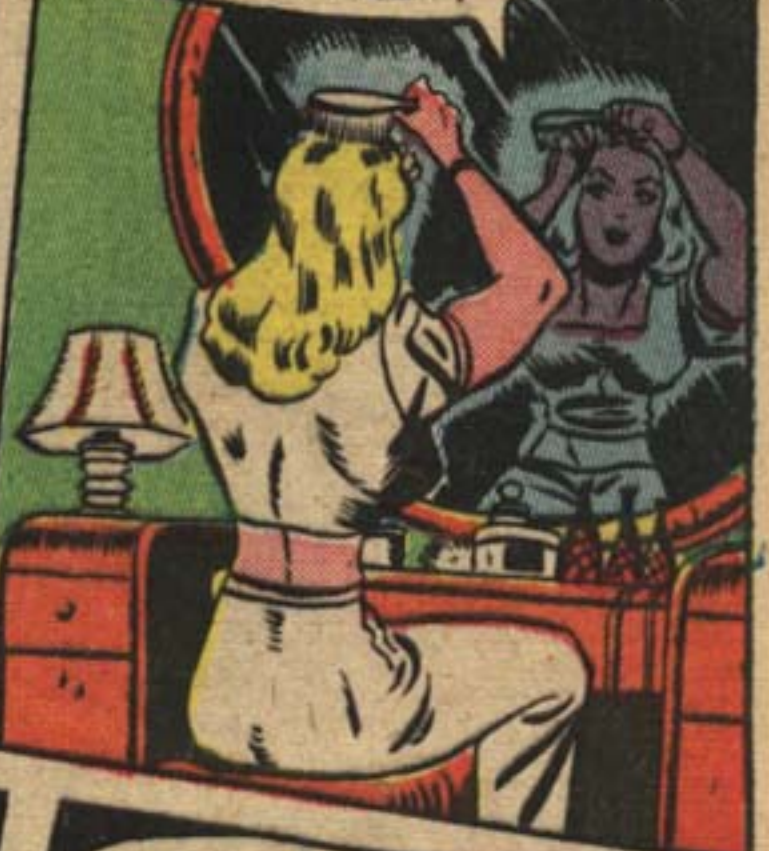
TWENTY PACES DOWN THE HALL PENELOPE GRIMES PREPARES FOR BED...



HMM! VERY STRANGE MARKINGS ON HIS FACE AND NECK! THINK I'LL STAY HERE - THINGS MAY BE HAPPENING BEFORE MORNING!

THE FUNNY THING ABOUT THIS CASE IS THAT THERE'S NO MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME! NOBODY LIKES TO TALK ABOUT ROGER! ONLY HIS FATHER, THE BARONET, WAS DISGUSTED WITH THE BOY!

I FEEL SAFER NOW THAT BENTLEY IS HERE... IF ANYONE CAN CATCH THE MURDERER, IT'S HE.... OOOH, I'M TIRED!



THE CLOCK IS WOUND, THE SLIPPERS UNDER THE BED... AND SOON PENELOPE DOZES OFF...

SUDDENLY, A BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE TERRIFIED GIRL'S FACE...



YEEEEOWW!



JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE MURDER, AND IT COMES FROM DOWN THERE!



DON'T TELL ME I'M TOO LATE! GOOD! SHE'S STILL BREATHING!



THE LIGHT THAT LIVES!

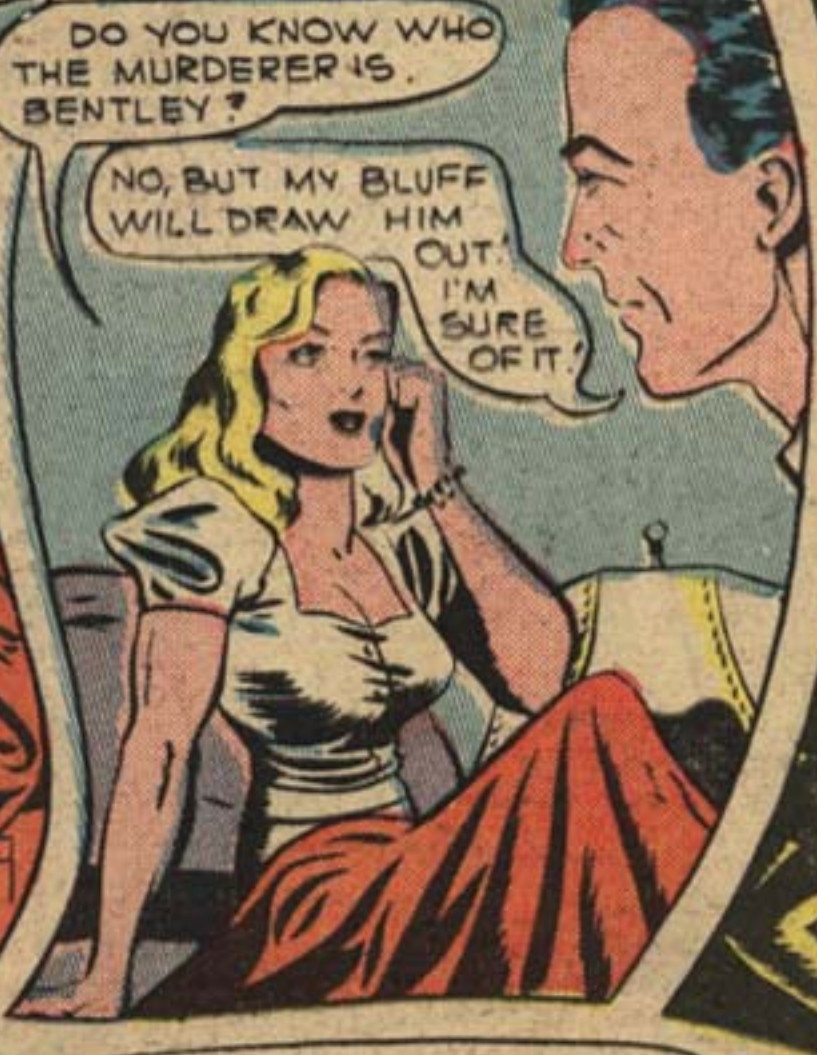
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M SURE I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS!

AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSSES...



MISS GROVE IS ALL RIGHT NOW - YOU MEN GO BACK TO YOUR ROOMS!

AHH, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS 'LIVING LIGHT' BUSINESS!



DO YOU KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS, BENTLEY?

NO, BUT MY BLUFF WILL DRAW HIM OUT! I'M SURE OF IT!



YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING! I'LL KEEP WATCH FROM THE BALCONY! NOW TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP!

AS BENTLEY LEAVES PENELOPE'S ROOM, HE HEARS BELOW



A MURDERER THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, STARK, A MURDERER!



YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO ACCUSE ME, MALLSBY! YOU'RE WAITING TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE INHERITANCE - THE TRUST FUND THE LATE MRS. GROVE SET UP FOR POOR ROGER AND PENELOPE!

WHY, YOU...



SMUG FACED HYPOCRITICAL OLD DUFFER!

WORDS! WORDS! MY BOY!

HERE, HERE, STOP IT, YOU TWO! I TOLD YOU TO GET UP TO YOUR ROOMS, AND I MEANT IT!

AS DARKNESS SETTLES OVER HEARTHSTONE MANOR, BENTLEY KEEPS A VIGIL ON THE BALCONY...

SUDDENLY...

HMM..SOME-THING SEEMS TO BE MOVING IN THE SHADOWS OVER THERE!

CRACK!

IN A MINUTE HE REACHES THE BALCONY...

SHADOWS FROM BEHIND THAT WINDOW, EH?

A MYSTERIOUS FORM HURTTLES BENTLEY OVER THE BALCONY...

... BUT IN THE NICK OF TIME HE GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND GRABS AT THE CREEPING VINES...

FUNNY! NO ONE IN HERE - BUT WAIT!!!

WHAT'S THIS? OH, NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS NOW! A VERY INGENIOUS CRIME - ALMOST PERFECT!

BENTLEY HAS DEDUCED WHO THE MURDERER IS !!! WHY WERE THE MURDERS COMMITTED? AND HOW? WHAT IS THE MYSTERIOUS "LIGHT THAT LIVES"? CHOOSE YOUR SUSPECT AND TURN THE PAGE... IS IT BARONET GROVE? PENELOPE GROVE? DR FRAKE? DEREK MALLSBY?..OR STARK, THE BUTLER?

I'LL JUST FOLLOW THIS VENTILATOR UNTIL I REACH THE ROOM OF...



YOU, BARONET GROVE! GET AWAY FROM THE GRILL OF THAT VENTILATOR, AND FAST!



VERY CLEVER, MY DEAR BARONET! YOU SENT THE SNAKE DOWN THE VENTILATOR GRILL - AND IT CRAWLED INTO THE ROOMS OF YOUR VICTIMS. YOU COVERED THE SNAKE WITH PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT - SO THAT IN THE DARKNESS IT APPEARED TO BE A MOVING, LIVING LIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT ROGER MEANT WHEN HE SAID THE LIGHT THAT LIVES! AND YOUR MOTIVE WAS TO GAIN THE ENTIRE TRUST FUND LEFT BY YOUR WIFE FOR YOUR CHILDREN - FOR YOURSELF!

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A SNAKE! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, BENTLEY! THE FANGS OF THIS COBRA ARE DEADLY!



BUT FATE SUDDENLY TWISTS HER WEIRD WHEEL AND THE COBRA STRIKES ITS MASTER. QUICKLY BENTLEY PULLS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET AND FIRES, KILLING THE SNAKE - BUT TOO LATE...

THAT REPTILE SAVED SCOTLAND YARD THE TROUBLE OF CONVICTING ANOTHER MURDERER! TWO SNAKES ON THE FLOOR - ONE SCALY AND ONE HUMAN!



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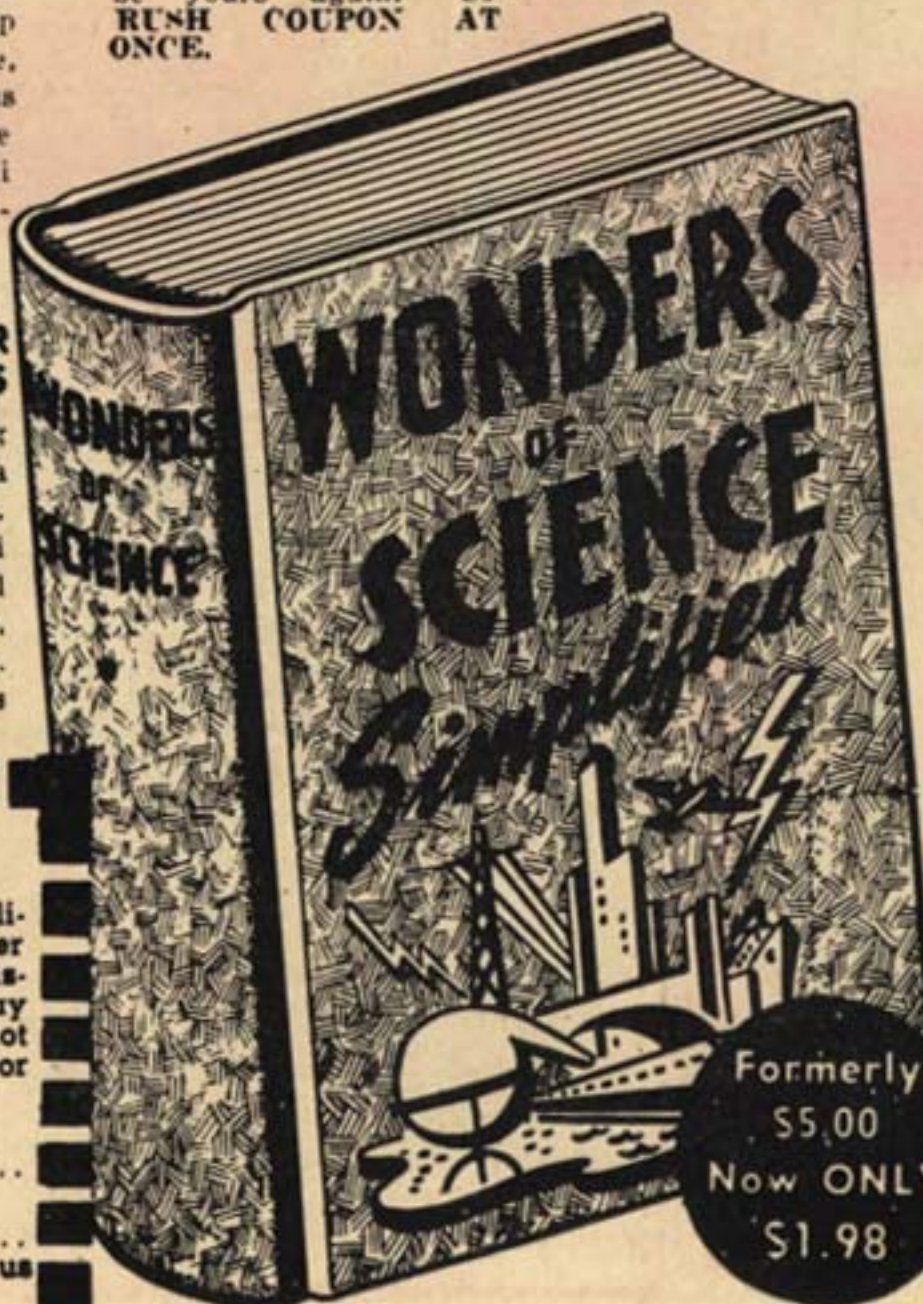
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